# JUMANJI

by

Jonathan Hensleigh

based on a book

by

Chris Van Allsburg

SHOOTING DRAFT
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FADE IN:

EXT. A COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

A hellish nor'easter in a New England forest. A storm of terrible power and violence. Rain blowing horizontally, tree branches clacking, wind howling.

A chilled-to-the-bone night, a gravedigger's night. Anyone who is sane is at home, by a fire. But....

A horsedrawn WAGON races down the muddy road. Two TEENAGE BOYS in 19th century clothing drive the wagon, lashed by wind and rain. The ELDER BOY WHIPS the reins. The YOUNGER BOY looks fearfully behind him into the wagon bed. LIGHTNING CRACKS, illuminating --

A TARPAULIN-COVERED MOUND in the wagon bed, jostling about. LIGHTNING cracks again.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST CLEARING - NIGHT

The wagon stands near the side of the road. The horses whinny nervously, spooked by the lightning. We hear SHOVELING SOUNDS as we SUPER:

New Hampshire, 1849

MOVING CLOSER, we see dirt flying out of a hole, then two SHOVELS. The boys climb out and move with grim determination to the wagon.

BENJAMIN
Are we doing the right thing, Caleb? Maybe we should tell father.

CALEB
He'd never believe us, Benjamin.

Caleb rips away the tarp revealing AN IRON LOCK BOX.

CALEB (cont'd)
Quickly now!

The boys reach for the lock box. Suddenly a chorus of ferocious HOWLS pierces the air. Benjamin withdraws his hand in terror.

BENJAMIN
No!! Caleb, it's...it's...

Caleb comforts his younger brother, his eyes searching the surrounding darkness.

CALEB
Benjamin! Listen to me! It's only a wolf pack.

Benjamin reluctantly helps Caleb drag the box to the hole. They heave it in, then grab shovels.

BENJAMIN
But...what if someone digs it up?

CALEB (whispered)
May God have mercy on his soul.

Lightning CRACKS and thunder RUMBLES. We PULL BACK and PAN, bringing into frame a GRANITE POST, on which is chiseled: BRANTFORD ---> 1 MI. and this --

DISSOLVES INTO:

EXT. MILL HOUSE/RIVERBANK - DAY

The "BRANTFORD ---> 1 MI." marker, now weather-worn and covered with moss as --

ALAN PARRISH, 12, small, thin, intense, pedals his bike up to a New England brick mill renovated to house a SHOE FACTORY. Super:

Brantford, New Hampshire - 1969

Alan pedals into the factory's parking lot past a sign reading: "Parrish Shoes - Four Generations of Quality."

Alan throws down his bike down and enters

INT. "PARRISH SHOES" - EXECUTIVE OFFICES

Alan blows into an outer office, PANNING PAST A SECRETARY, typing, who never looks up.

He moves inside an inner office. "Sam Parrish, President" is stencilled on the door. It's oak-paneled, very masculine, with a monstrous desk and a leather chair. Below we see the factory floor.

Alan sits in the empty chair. Picks up his father's pipe, tapping it on his palm, gesticulating with it.

ALAN
Have you seen my dad?

MARJORIE SECRETARY
I'm expecting him any minute. Ready for summer vacation?

ALAN
I'm working here this summer.

Marjorie looks up for the first time.

ALAN looks at his father's WINGTIP dress shoes next to his desk and CUT TO:

INT. "PARRISH SHOES" - FACTORY FLOOR - DAY

CLOSE on a pair of prototype hightop BASKETBALL SHOES in motion, walking down a corridor: un-dyed canvas, white rubber, no logo.

FACTORY MANAGER RON (o.s.)
...Sam, if this doesn't work we'll have to unload a lot of rubber....

WIDEN to other DRESS SHOES hurrying to keep up.

FACTORY MANAGER RON (o.s.)
....and canvas at a considerable loss. This is a major makeover.

FACTORY MANAGER LARRY
It's gonna increase downtime.

INT. PARRISH SHOES - FACTORY FLOOR

DOUBLE DOORS bang open and --

SAM PARRISH, 40's, a pipe smoker, enters, surrounded by five Factory Managers. Sam Parrish is an educated, patrician man; if he didn't own this place, he might be teaching Milton at Exeter.

They move across a cavernous factory as big as a football field. Assembly lines of LEATHER WORKERS are cutting shoe pieces, assembling shoes, etc.

SAM PARRISH
I know it will Larry. Parrish shoes has stayed on top by taking risks. We'll make it up in volume. We'll convert the leather cutters to canvas cutters....

IN THE OFFICE ABOVE - ALAN hears his father's voice below. He looks down at --

ALAN'S POV - Sam Parrish and factory Managers walking across the floor.

SAM PARRISH (cont'd)
...we'll put the rubber molds in the west wing. And no layoffs, Larry. We'll retrain everybody.

ALAN very carefully replaces the pipe in it's holder and exits the office.

INT. FACTORY FLOOR/OFFICE STAIRCASE

Alan comes down the stairs from the office and trails after the executives. He catches up, coming alongside his father.

ALAN
Dad?

Sam sees Alan but keeps addressing his managers.

SAM PARRISH
I've got a hunch about athletic shoes. People are more health conscious. Trust me: there's gonna be a big demand.

ALAN
(more impatiently)
Dad, where am I working?

SAM PARRISH
Alan, just a minute.

Alan stops.
Sam Parrish and the others continue.
Manager Larry tousles Alan's hair.

SAM PARRISH
Call a meeting for Monday morning. All employees. Heck, invite the stockholders. What we'll do is make a presentation....

Alan frowns and walks off across the factory floor.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON A LEATHER APRON, upon which is burned the logo "Sole Man" and PULL BACK TO --

INT. FACTORY FLOOR

CARL BENTLEY operating a SHOE SOLE STAMPING MACHINE. Bentley is 20, black, with a huge afro (the hairstyle of the time). This is a skilled man: his deft fingers cut the leather into soles repeatedly, wasting as little leather as possible.

ALAN enters frame, appearing next to Carl. They speak over the DIN of the assembly line.

ALAN
Hi Carl.

CARL
Yo Alan.

Alan watches Carl. He gets an idea. Alan looks o.s.

CUT TO:

INT. THE FACTORY WALL - A ROW OF PEGS

on which are hung safety goggles and heavy leather aprons identical to Carl's.

PAN TO ALAN, wearing an oversized apron, adusting oversized goggles. He looks like "Fearless Fly."

He walks across the floor to the machine diagonally placed on the line from Carl. Carl cannot see Alan, the line of vision being obstructed by hydraulic lines, electric cables, etc.

Alan watches Carl a moment, then attempts to mimic Carl's actions. He turns to the control box, presses the "on" button. He begins to stamp out shoe soles.

CARL looks up, alarmed.

CARL
Alan, shut that thing off!!!!

Carl's panic makes Alan panic. Alan stabs the "off" button, but hits instead the "high speed" button.

THE MACHINE goes into overdrive, stamping double time WHAM WHAM WHAM. Alan backs off as the stamper hits the same piece of leather a hundred times (no one's there to turn it) and JAMS in the stamper mold.

The stamper vibrates, then begins to SHUDDER AND SMOKE. The factory lights dim. Bolts fly. The blade snaps. WORKERS recoil. Carl Bentley hits a switch, shutting down the assembly line. A KLAXON SOUNDS.

The OTHER FACTORY WORKERS rush up, surrounding the smoking stamper. SAM PARRISH pushes through the crowd. He looks at the stamper, then at Alan.

Alan looks ridiculous in his apron and goggles.

SAM PARRISH
(to Alan)
What happened here?

Silence. Carl and Alan exchange a glance.

CARL
It's my fault, Mr. Parrish, Alan was just trying....

Sam Parrish holds up his hand.

SAM PARRISH
Alan, go home, we'll talk about this later....

ALAN
Dad, you said I could work at the factory.

SAM PARRISH
I think we're going to have to wait a few years. A factory isn't a safe place for a kid.

Alan, ashamed, turns and walks off quickly. Sam Parrish turns to Carl.

SAM PARRISH
Carl, that's my son. He could have been seriously injured. I want to see you in my office in ten minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARRISH SHOES - DAY

Alan grabs his bike, mounts it, and pedals down the factory driveway. We hear a strange, supremely exotic DRUMMING SOUND. Alan stops. He looks around. He walks the bike toward --

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

-- 50 feet away, BULLDOZERS and BACKHOES are excavating a huge hole for the foundation of a new building. A sign reads: "FUTURE OFFICES OF PARRISH SHOES."

Alan leans his bike against the BRANTFORD ---> 1 MI marker. The DRUMS continue. Alan walks to the edge of the hole.

CONSTRUCTION WORKERS come and go, oblivious to the sound. Are they all deaf? Suddenly there's a LOUD TRUCK HORN. The workers drop their tools and head for a SNACK TRUCK which is rolling into the construction site.

Alan drops his bike and walks down into the hole.

IN THE EXCAVATION HOLE - ALAN

walks through a maze of concrete forms and dirt embankments, following the sound of the DRUMS. He approaches a spot where the drumming is loudest. He puts his ear to the wall of dirt.

AT THE EDGE OF THE HOLE

An ARCHITECT and a CONTRACTOR look over some blueprints.

They see Alan with his ear to the dirt wall.

CONTRACTOR
What the hell's he doin'?

ARCHITECT
Leave him alone. That's Parrish's kid. Kid's gonna own this place some day.

ALAN is now burrowing, squirrel-like, into the dirt wall. THE ARCHITECT AND CONTRACTOR share one of those looks, shake their heads, and walk away.

BACK IN THE HOLE - ALAN

exposes a rusty iron handle, then the end of a RUSTY IRON LOCK BOX. Alan grabs the handle and pulls. Alan and the box fall WHUMP! to the floor of the hole.

The DRUMS instantly stop.

Alan looks at the lock box. It's a curious thing. Very old and mysterious. Alan sees a SHOVEL nearby. He picks it up and smashes the lock. It's rusty and falls off easily.

Alan throws open the lid.
The contents are utterly anti-climactic. The lockbox is filled with ---- SAND.

ALAN, disappointed, begins walking up out of the hole...

The DRUMS begin again.

Alan stops cold. He returns to the box and buries his hands in the sand. His hands hit something. He wrestles out A WOODEN BOX.

It looks like a chess or backgammon board, the fold-up kind, with brass hinges and clasp. It's decorated with jungle animals, landscapes, and a great white hunter in a pith helmet. In elaborate and fanciful type is the word JUMANJI.

Alan shakes the box. Things RATTLE inside.
He undoes the clasp and opens it slightly. We catch a glimpse of rich color. He hears VOICES approaching. He shuts the box and hurries out of the hole.

CUT TO:

ROLLING BICYCLE WHEELS and we WIDEN to Alan Parrish on his Schwin 3-speed, beginning a TRAVEL MONTAGE of --

EXT. BRANTFORD - MAIN STREET/TOWN SQUARE - DAY

-- Alan pedals through this prosperous New England

milltown. Brick and clapboard buildings: a florist, law office, bakery, clothing store, music store, etc.

-- He cuts through the small park in the middle of the square, past A HUGE BRONZE STATUE of a Civil War General ANGUS PARRISH astride a horse.

EXT. BRANTFORD - STREET

-- He passes the BRANTFORD COMMUNITY CENTER, a pretty white clapboarded building. It's being painted by VOLUNTEERS. They wave at Alan as he passes.

EXT. PARRISH HOME - DAY

A large, grand, georgian revival mansion.

Alan rolls up the driveway. He drops his bike and runs up the steps into the house, carrying the wooden box.

INT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM

The Parrish's immense, high-ceilinged living room. Alan enters. He sits on the chair and opens the wooden box. He sees what looks like a boardgame.

MRS. PARRISH (o.s.)
Alan? You home from work already?

Alan closes the gameboard; stashes it under the couch.

CUT TO:

INT. PARRISH HOME - DINING ROOM - NIGHT

An endless mahogany table. ALAN is alone, sullenly toying with his dinner, looking very small.

OUTSIDE IN THE FOYER

Sam Parrish, in a knife-edged tux, practices a keynote speech in the mirror, reading from several 3X5 cards.

SAM PARRISH
...This year's recipient of the Parrish Scholarship Fund established in 1871 by Schuyler Parrish....

CAROL PARRISH, Alan's mom, 40, very pretty in an elegant evening gown, comes up behind Sam, sharing the mirror with him, adjusting a diamond earring She hands Sam a CORSAGE. He pins it to her gown.

CAROL PARRISH
We should tell him before we leave.

They exchange a glance and enter the dining room.

INT. PARRISH HOME - DINING ROOM

Sam and Carol enter. Alan looks up.

ALAN
I still don't see why I can't go.

CAROL PARRISH
It's all grown-ups, honey, mostly business people. You'd be the only kid there.

ALAN
I don't mind.

Sam and Carol exchange a glance.

SAM PARRISH
In fact, Alan, your mother and I think you should be with kids your own age this summer.

ALAN
I don't get along with kids my own age.

CAROL PARRISH
You get along with Sarah.

ALAN
Sarah's different.
(pause)
This isn't about Little League again?

SAM PARRISH
No, it's about this.

Sam tosses a folder on the table. Alan looks at it.

INSERT - A BROCHURE OF "CAMP HIAWATHA" - several photographs depict canoeing, archery, swimming.

ALAN
You're gonna send me away?

CAROL PARRISH
You'll get out into nature. They've got canoeing and swimming...

ALAN
I'll probably drown....

SAM PARRISH
And hiking...

ALAN
I'll get poison ivy...

CAROL PARRISH
Arts and crafts...

ALAN
Give me a break....

CAROL PARRISH
It sounds great.

ALAN
Then <u>you</u> go. I'm staying.

Sam turns to Carol.

*SAM PARRISH*
Get your coat.
(Carol exits; Sam turns to Alan)
You're going.

ALAN
You can't make me.

A pause. Father and son glare at each other.

SAM PARRISH
I can't?
(a tense pause)
You know something Alan? The more you want to be treated like an adult, the more you act like a child.

They exchange a cold stare. Sam Parrish turns and....

ALAN
Drop dead.

Sam Parrish stops in his tracks. Turns back.

SAM PARRISH
What did you say to me?

ALAN
Drop dead.

SAM PARRISH
We're driving you up to camp on Sunday morning.

SAM exits into the foyer.

We hear Sam's and Carol's footsteps in the foyer, the door opening, the door SLAMMING.

Alan sits frowning at the brochure.
He picks it up and tears it into a thousand pieces.

The DRUMS begin again. Alan freezes.
He looks around. Rises. Exits.

INT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM

Alan peers around the corner into the living room.
He walks to the couch. Kneels. Pulls the game out.
Looks at it.

EXT. PARRISH HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The Parrish's car pulls out of the driveway as -

A HONDA 90 c.c. MOTORBIKE pulls up to the front curb, its 2-stroke engine WHINING like a chainsaw.

Up front is BILLY JESSUP, 15. Behind Billy sits SARAH WHITTLE, a pretty and somewhat glamorous 13 year-old. She dismounts, looking at the house with indecision.

BILLY JESSUP
Go on. Tell him.

She takes a nervous breath and walks up to the house.

INT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM

Alan sits down at the coffee table. He unhooks the gameboard's brass clasps. Opens it.

It's carved, handcrafted: a path of BLANK SQUARES winds past jungle animals, ending at the word JUMANJI. The board's center has a blank space. The illustrations are in a hyperbolic circus poster-style. There is a LEATHER DRAW-STRING pouch within.

Alan opens the pouch and dumps the contents on the board: there are four TOKENS (carved, miniature African totems) and a pair of dice.

Alan picks up the dice and one of the tokens. He examines it. The doorbell RINGS.

Alan puts the token down and looks toward the door. As his hand withdraws, the token, and one other, are sucked SHUUMP into place (Alan does not see this) at the beginning of the jungle path. Alan rises, setting the dice on the coffee table.

EXT./INT. PARRISH HOME - FRONT STOOP AND FOYER

The FRONT DOOR opens, revealing Sarah Whittle in the threshold.

ALAN
Hi Sarah.

SARAH
Hi.

We HEAR Billy's motorcycle WHINING.
Alan looks over Sarah's shoulder at --

BILLY JESSUP sitting on his motorcycle. He is attempting (and failing) to look like James Dean.

ALAN
What's Billy Jessup doing here?

Sarah doesn't answer Alan.
Instead she turns to Billy and yells:

SARAH
I'll meet you there!

Billy, motor gunning, tears away from the house, accelerating through the gears.

ALAN
You'll meet him where?

Sarah steps past Alan; walks into the foyer, saying:

SARAH
Uhmm....so how's your job?

We still hear BILLY'S MOTORCYCLE moving through the gears. Alan looks down the street, listening to it.

ALAN
(lying)
Great. I'm working on the assembly line.

Alan moves inside and shuts the door, shutting off the sound of Billy's motorcycle.

INT. PARRISH HOME - FOYER AND LIVING ROOM

Alan follows Sarah through the foyer into the living room. Sarah stops near the coffee table (where the game is) and turns to Alan.

ALAN
So - you ready for Saturday night? Dad says they're gonna have a tilt-a-whirl this year....

SARAH
Alan uhm, I'm not going.

ALAN
But it's the factory picnic. We go every year.

Sarah nervously turns away. She sees the game on the coffee table.

SARAH
What's that?

ALAN
Some kind of game. I found it at the factory.
(comes up behind Sarah)
Why aren't you going?

Sarah picks up the dice. Starts nervously shifting them hand to hand.

SARAH
Because I'm going to a party.

ALAN
*Oh. Okay.*
(beat)
With Billy?

SARAH
Alan, I love the picnic but....

ALAN
(finishing her *sentence)*
...but Billy's fifteen and he has a motorcycle.

They stare at each other.
A very uncomfortable moment.
Sarah just wants to get out of there....

SARAH
*I'm sorry. I've gotta go.*

She tosses the dice on the board. They land "4" and "2".

Sarah begins walking away.
The DRUMS have begun again, LOUDLY.
Sarah freezes. Stops. Turns.

*SARAH*
What's that?

ALAN
You hear it too?

Sarah looks at the gameboard and --

SARAH'S TOKEN slowly advances by itself to the sixth square. The drums stop.

Sarah, frightened, approaches the board, then Alan.

SARAH
How'd it do that?

ALAN
Must be magnetized.

Alan looks at the gameboard's folding cover: Printed there are engraved RULES. Alan reads them:

ALAN
(reads instructions)
"JU-MAN-JI, a game for the bored and restless. Welcome to the safari."
(scans)
The first to get to the end of the path and yell "Jumanji" wins.

Meanwhile Sarah is staring wide-eyed at the board.

SARAH
Alan, look.

IN THE BLANK SPACE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BOARD - WORDS are appearing, like invisible ink in reverse.

Alan reads them:

ALAN
"At night they fly, you better run, these winged things are not much fun."

The letters fade away. A moment passes.
We HEAR a FLAPPING, FLUTTERING sound in the FIREPLACE.
Sarah whirls around, spooked:

SARAH
What's that?

ALAN
(grabs the dice)
Let me try it.

SARAH
Alan, don't. Just put it away.

Suddenly the enormous GRANDFATHER CLOCK against the wall begins to chime GONG....GONG....GONG....

Disregarding Sarah, Alan tosses the dice. They land "2" and "3."

ALAN'S PIECE now moves by itself, and the DRUMS begin, mixing with the CHIMING CLOCK which continues to GONG.

The lettering appears. Alan whispers:

ALAN
"In the jungle you must wait, until the dice read five or eight."
(curiously)
In the jungle you must wait. What's that mean?

SARAH, instead of answering, begins to tremble because -

ALAN is turning to smoke. He is dematerializing, vaporizing right in front of her!

ALAN
What's happening....!
(muting into a vague whine)
Sarah roll! Roll the dice! Roollll the diiiccccceee.....

SARAH blinks.

He is gone. Alan Parrish is gone.

Sarah scans the living room, trembling. She looks at the gameboard; Sarah's eyes widen in terror.

INSERT - THE CENTER OF THE GAMEBOARD - there, in miniature, is a window into an exotic world: we glimpse green foliage and a river, and hear cawing birds.

ALAN (v.o. distantly)
Sarah! Sarah....!

SARAH
Alan? ALAN!!??

Inside the living room the FLAPPING NOISE is louder; it sounds like BEATING WINGS. It grows still LOUDER.

A HUNDRED BATS fly from the fireplace, hovering, diving at Sarah. She SCREAMS. She runs into the front hall. She trips and falls to the carpet. A BAT lands on her shoulder.

And hideously, the bat smiles at her. Sarah SCREAMS.

BATS divebomb at her, hitting her head and shoulders. She crawls to the front hall. Somehow opens the door. She runs from the house, stumbling blindly as --

A flurry of OILY BLACK WINGS rushes from the house. CAMERA HOLDS on the scattering BATS, then DOLLIES TO --

THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK. The CHIMING ceases and THE PENDULUM slooowly swings to a stop and we --

DISSOLVE TO:

The SAME PENDULUM, but it's burnished brass is now green with tarnish; the glass face is cracked. CAMERA DOLLIES AWAY from the clock through the living room. All the furniture is covered in sheets. Cobwebs and dust etc...

CAMERA continues DOLLYING to the FRONT DOOR. We hear footsteps coming up to the house, then....

WOMAN 1 (v.o.)
...belonged to a nice older couple who passed away. It's been vacant two years, so don't mind the dust.

WOMAN 2 (v.o.)
It looked a lot smaller in the photos you sent me.

We hear a KEY in the lock, then the doorknob turns; the door opens, revealing TWO WOMEN.

MRS. THOMAS 40's (Woman 1), a realtor, well-dressed, red lipstick, jewelry, and her client NORA SHEPHERD (Woman 2), late 30's, attractive and simply dressed.

Mrs. Thomas and Nora move into the foyer. They walk to the living room. Nora looks inside.

NORA
Oh my goodness. Mrs. Thomas, there's only three of us. What am I going to do with a place like this?

WOMAN 2 (v.o.)
This was all we had for immediate occupancy. The rent's very reasonable. And I got a great price on the furniture.

Nora moves inside the living room, gazing at the architecture, the ceiling, the fireplace and mantle.

NORA
The couple who lived here - they had no children? No one to inherit this place?

MRS. THOMAS
(lying through teeth)
No...no I guess they didn't....

Nora crosses to the window and pulls open the heavy drapes. The dusty air catches shafts of sunlight. The room looks enchanted.

She unlocks the window and pushes it open.

NORA
(forced enthusiasm)
Judy! Peter! Come look!

JUDY (o.s.)
In a minute, mom.

Mrs. Thomas walks up to Nora.

*MRS. THOMAS*
Let's look at the kitchen. It's fabulous...

EXT. FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Nora's children, JUDY, 12, and PETER, 8, stand on the lawn, staring at the neighborhood and house. They grew up in Manhattan and show it. Judy is pretty, somewhat vulnerable. Peter is precocious, impatient, sarcastic.

*In the b.g. is a station wagon hooked up to a U-HAUL TRAILER.*

PETER
Brantford Connecticut: a wholesome suburban community.

They turn and look at the Parrish home.

The mailbox is rusted; the lawn and hedges are a jungle; the driveway is cracked and pitted; slate roof shingles are dislodged; several windows are broken and/or boarded up; shutters hang crookedly; some fence is missing.

JUDY
What a dump.

They walk sullenly back to the house.

*CUT TO:*

INT. PARRISH HOME - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR - HOURS LATER

A long corridor serving several rooms.
Boxes are stacked everywhere. Judy's searching through a box. Peter's coming up the stairs with another.

Nora is at a LOCKED DOOR at the end of the hall, trying several keys in its lock.

JUDY
Mom, where're the towels?

NORA
Just a sec.
(tries another key)
Hmm. Have to call a locksmith for this one.

Nora walks over to Judy.
Peter stops next to the locked door.
He puts his eye to the keyhole and looks in at --

PETER'S POV - THROUGH KEYHOLE - THE LOCKED ROOM

We glimpse a picture frame on the wall and a trophy of some kind.

INT. PARRISH HOME - PETER'S BEDROOM - THAT EVENING

Peter is in bed pulling up the covers.
Nora sits on the edge of the bed.

NORA
Do you like your room? It's a lot bigger than your old one.

PETER
It's okay.

NORA
How about Igor? What's he think?

She glances at a STUFFED ALIGATOR at the foot of the bed: "Igor."

PETER
(yawns)
He misses New York.

NORA
I bet you're exhausted.
(pulls up the covers, tucks him in)
Are you still having dreams?
(Peter looks away)
Peter? Are you?

PETER
Yeah.

NORA
About dad?

PETER
Yeah.

NORA
Good ones or bad ones? About the accident?

PETER
Not about the accident. But they're bad.

NORA
Tell me.
(Peter looks away)
C'mon honey.

Peter reluctantly begins:

PETER
There's this one where we're in Central Park. By the boat pond. And dad goes to get ice creams from the guy there. And then he walks away. And I say "Dad, where're you going?" And he keeps walking, and I go after 'im, and keep saying "Dad, stop, it's me, Peter." But he keeps walking like he doesn't know me or anything. And then I look around and all the people are gone and I'm all alone.

Peter is almost crying now.
Nora hugs him.

NORA
Peter honey c'mon, it's all right now, it's all right.

They hug each other tightly.
Peter settles back into bed.

NORA
You've got a big day tomorrow.
(tucks him in)
This is a fresh start. For all of us. Okay?

PETER
Okay.

Peter closes his eyes. Nora kisses him.

INT. JUDY'S BEDROOM - THAT NIGHT

Nora sits on the bed.
Judy is off screen, in the walk-in closet.

JUDY (o.s.)
But why Brantford?

Judy enters with several articles of clothing.

NORA
The college up here was my only offer - I was lucky to get it. Let's see what you got.
(*Judy holds up a formal dress*)
Too formal.

JUDY
(holds up a denim smock dress)
It's not like New York has no colleges.

NORA
Too casual.
(Judy holds up a purple dress)
Too purple.

JUDY
Mom...I'm new. Everybody's going to be looking at me.

NORA
Try a pair of jeans. And don't be so nervous. The program here's supposed to be good.

JUDY
Presenting Judy Shepherd, Resident Moron From New York.

NORA
Enough of that, kiddo. Judy, promise me you'll try. Promise?

JUDY
(without conviction)
Yeah, I promise.

NORA
Goodnight.

JUDY
'Night mom.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PETER'S ROOM - HOURS LATER - NIGHT

Peter is sleeping fitfully.
Just faintly, we HEAR JUNGLE DRUMS.

INT. JUDY'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Judy awakens. She props up on her elbows, listening to THE DRUMS. They seem to come from above. She looks at the ceiling. The drums FADE. She lies back down.

CUT TO:

INT. BRANTFORD J.H. - ANOTHER CLASSROOM - DAY

JUDY sits at a table with a TEACHER. The surrounding tables are the same set-up: one student sitting with one teacher.

JUDY
The...ap...ple is the on...

TEACHER
On the. Don't put pressure on yourself. Slower. Think about the logic of the sentence.

JUDY
On the....

Judy stares nervously at A BOOK in front of her. She concentrates. Her jaw tightens; her face is crimson. She grits her teeth. She gives up and looks away.

THE TEACHER watches Judy, concerned.

INT. SCHOOL CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

We see JUDY AND HER TEACHER through a door window stenciled "SPECIAL EDUCATION," WIDENING TO --

Nora and the school principal, MRS. TIMMONS, 40, earnest, professional, a kind face.

PRINCIPAL TIMMONS
Entering sixth grade and she's never had special education?

NORA
Not formally. Her dad was a writer. They used to work together every night. Judy was so relaxed with him; she could really concentrate. But now....

Nora's voice trails off. They walk down the school corridor together.

PRINCIPAL TIMMONS
I understand Mrs. Shepherd. What about your son?

NORA
Peter hasn't dealt that well with it either. There have been some.... discipline problems. I think he's fine now.

Nora smiles uneasily and --

CUT TO:

WHAM!! A FIST flies into CAMERA and --

EXT. BRANTFORD JUNIOR HIGH - PLAYGROUND - DAY

PETER hits the deck. He gets up, wildly swinging at his opponent, a HUGE SIXTH GRADER. Peter, giving up 40 pounds, fights like an animal. He doesn't give an inch.

The sixth grader belts him again. Peter struggles to his feet, still swinging. The sixth grader walks off.

PETER
Hey, where ya goin'! I'm not hurt. Ya chicken? Get back here, ya fight like my grandmother...!

The sixth grader shakes his head. The little kid's gotta be crazy....

CUT TO:

INT. PARRISH HOME - KITCHEN - EVENING

Nora's at the sink, peeling potatoes for dinner. Judy and Peter sit at the kitchen table with school books, notebooks, etc. Nora hands Judy a newspaper.

JUDY
Do I have to?

NORA
You have to.

JUDY
Front page or sports?

NORA
You pick.

Judy begins flipping through the paper.

JUDY
I wish daddy was here.

NORA
Honey, dad wasn't doing the reading, <u>you</u> were.

Nora turns back to the sink.
Peter and Judy exchange a look.

PETER
Mom? Judy and I have been thinking.

NORA
What about?

An uncomfortable pause, then Judy blurts:

JUDY
We don't like it here.

NORA
You've only been here a week.

JUDY
We want to move back home.

NORA
We settled this, kids. This is home, and I don't want to hear another word about it.

JUDY
(flips through paper)
How about the obituaries.
(begins to "read")
The funeral of Alfred J. Bushwick was held today in Concord New Hampshire. In an ironic twist of fate, Mr. Bushwick, 68, a vacuum cleaner repairman, was killed when he accidentally turned on his own vacuum, sucking himself into the dustbag, where he survived for a week before succumbing to various allergic reactions....

NORA
Judy....

Judy tosses down the paper and stalks out.

CUT TO:

*INT. PETER'S BEDROOM - NIGHT*

Peter is sleeping fitfully again.
He wakes to the sound of DRUMS, clearer this time.
He looks up at the ceiling.

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Peter, in pajamas, holding a flashlight, walks to the attic door. He turns the knob.

The door crreeeaaks open.
Peter looks up the staircase. He shivers.
He flips on the flashlight and begins to climb.

EXT. PARRISH HOME - NIGHT

In the GABLE ATTIC WINDOWS, we see THE BEAM OF PETER'S FLASHLIGHT as Peter moves through the attic - and suddenly we hear PETER SCREAMING.

INT. JUDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

JUDY sits bolt upright, hearing PETER'S SCREAM; she throws off the covers and dashes from the room into the hallway, almost running into --

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

-- NORA, who exits her bedroom. They both run up to --

PETER, slamming the attic door, his lungs heaving. He runs into his mother's arms.

PETER
Mom!

CUT TO:

A VAN in the Parrish driveway with the trade logo: HARLEY PEST CONTROL.

INT. PARRISH HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Nora and Judy sit at the kitchen table, unwrapping PORCELAIN CUPS AND SAUCERS. Peter sits next to them, flipping through a large, thick book.

NORA
Careful, honey, these were your
Great Great Grandmother's...

EXTERMINATOR (o.s.)
Hello? Maam?

The EXTERMINATOR, 50, overweight, balding, looks in.

EXTERMINATOR
If it was up there, it's gone now.
They're little critters, but they
make their presence known.

PETER
No, it was <u>big</u>. Like that.

Peter's pointing at a COLOR PHOTOGRAPH in his ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA. It's a HUGE BAT.
The Exterminator looks at the photograph. Chuckles.

EXTERMINATOR
That's an African bat, son. See? Says so right there. Africa's a long way from Connecticut.
(to Nora)
By the way - couldn't help notice all the stuff the Parrishes left behind. Must be a little creepy, living in the house where it actually happened.

Everyone stares at the Exterminator.

JUDY
Where what actually happened?

EXTERMINATOR
The little boy. The Alan Parrish thing.
(beat)
No one's told you?

NORA takes the Exterminator by the arm; leads him out.

NORA
Why don't we discuss this outside.

Nora hustles the Exterminator out of the kitchen.

Judy and Peter exchange a look; Judy raises an eyebrow. They go to the door. Judy pushes it open a crack --

JUDY'S AND PETER'S POV - NORA AND THE EXTERMINATOR

are walking down the hall, speaking in low tones.

EXT. PORCH

Nora and the Exterminator exit.

NORA
No wonder the rent's so cheap. I could just strangle that realtor....
(to Exterminator)
You mean all this time they never found him? There wasn't any evidence?

EXTERMINATOR
Twenty five years now, not a clue. Personally, I don't think Alan Parrish was kidnapped.

NORA
You mean...?

EXTERMINATOR
Yep.
(lowers his voice)
I think the parents did it. In fact, I think Alan Parrish is still in this house. There's a thousand places in this house they coulda hid the body, and no one woulda ever found...

NORA
(disturbed by this, cutting him off)
Thank-you for coming on such short notice. Good-bye.

EXTERMINATOR
Nice to meet you, ma'am.

*Nora goes inside and closes the door.*

EXTERMINATOR
Welcome to Brantford.

The Exterminator walks off to his truck.

INT. PARRISH HOME - FOYER

Nora enters, passing --

THE CLOSET ALCOVE OFF THE FOYER - JUDY and PETER, inside, look at each other with WIDE EYES. They've eavesdropped on the above exchange.

*CUT TO:*

EXT. STREET - BUS STOP - DAY

In the b.g., a school bus rolls away.
Judy and Peter walk home from the bus stop.

Judy stops at their mailbox and opens it, pulling out mail. Flips through it. One of the pieces is a FAT PACKAGE (the size of a book) in a manilla folder.

JUDY
This one's not ours.
(looks around)
Come on.

Judy walks off, Peter following.

EXT. THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Judy comes up the walk. Peter waits on the sidewalk.
Judy steps up to the porch.

ON THE PORCH - JUDY begins to slide the package through the mail slot in the front door. It won't go. Judy tries to shove it in. Still won't go. She frowns. Rings the DOORBELL.

We hear approaching steps inside.
The door opens a crack.
TWO EYES peer through the door crack.

FEMALE VOICE
I don't want any.

The door shuts.
Judy frowns. Rings the doorbell again.
Again, the door opens.

FEMALE VOICE
I said: I don't want any.

As the door pulls shut again --
Judy sticks the book between the door and doorframe.

JUDY
Uhhm maam? It's your mail.

The door opens slowly and we come face-to-face with --

A WOMAN, late 30's, with blonde hair, pale skin, and wire-rimmed glasses. She looks like she doesn't get out much. She smiles.

WOMAN
Oh. Thank you.
(takes the package)
There was a mix-up?

JUDY
Yeah. I'm Judy Shepherd. We just moved in.
(PETER sidles up)
This is my brother, Peter.

WOMAN
Welcome to Brantford. Town could use some new blood.
(looks down street)
Which house?

JUDY
(points)
Next door. The Parrish house.

The Woman stares at the Parrish house. Her eyes spark. Her demeanor now is stiff, cold, distant.

WOMAN
Pleased to meet you. I have work to do. Run along.

Judy and Peter are startled and somewhat scared by this abrupt change.

WOMAN
You heard me. Go on.

PETER
Sorry, Mrs...

WOMAN
Miss. Miss Sarah Whittle. Good-bye.

And with that SARAH WHITTLE, who last we saw running terrified from the Parrish house, now age 38, abruptly SLAMS the door.

Judy and Peter walk quickly back to the street.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MORNING

Judy and Peter sit at the kitchen table. Nora, dressed in a suit, is pacing, flustered. Her voice is raised.

NORA
I have listened, Judy.
(a tense pause; she stares at them)
Today's my first day teaching in over ten years. I'm under a lot of pressure. What I need is less complaining and more cooperation.
(voice trembles)
We're living on a teacher's salary now and, like it or not, my job is here, not New York.
(she picks up her purse)
Don't miss the bus. If you get home before me, stick around the house, okay?

PETER
Bye, Mom.

NORA
Bye sweetie.

She kisses Peter, then attempts to kiss Judy, who moves away.

NORA
Bye, Judy. I said bye, Judy.

JUDY
Bye.

Nora looks at Judy a moment, then exits. Judy and Peter exchange a glance and --

CUT TO:

INT. PARRISH HOME - ATTIC - DAY

A large space with a complicated ceiling (due to the complicated roof line). The Shepherd's unpacked MOVING BOXES sit amongst a century's accumulation of PARRISH FAMILY JUNK: an old dress form, a guitar case, a moose head, old furniture, trunks, tennis rackets, etc.

Peter enters, looking around tentatively for signs of bats. Outside we hear a school bus HONKING.

PETER
Judy! The bus is here!

We hear, o.s., stuff being moved around. Peter moves through the attic. Behind a trunk --

JUDY is going through the moving boxes. Her actions are harried, frenetic, her speech fast.

JUDY
I can't talk to you right now. I'm really busy.

PETER
What are you doing?

JUDY
Where's the blue suitcase?

PETER
What do you need the blue suitcase for?

Judy doesn't answer. Keeps looking.

PETER
Are you going somewhere?

JUDY
Yes.

PETER
Where?

JUDY
As far as eighty-seven dollars will take me.

PETER
I'm telling mom.

We hear the bus driving away.
Peter goes to the window. Looks out.

PETER (cont'd)
Oh great. It's gone. Now we'll have to walk.

Judy finds a suitcase. Tries to open it.

JUDY
Why is this locked?!! I can't believe this!!

She struggles with the suitcase, then throws it down.
She sits on it. Suddenly her emotions run.

JUDY
I can't stay here. Don't you get it? You don't have a clue, do you? I hate it here. I don't have any friends. I have to be in a class for stupid people. Mom doesn't understand at all. She just thinks we can adjust to everything right away. Well I can't. I'm going home. I'm going back to my friends.

PETER
I'm your friend.

JUDY
Oh, Peter, I know. I'm just really upset. Sometimes I feel....so... DUMB.

Suddenly the DRUMS begin.
Judy and Peter freeze. Slowly look across the attic.

PETER
I <u>knew</u> it was coming from up here.

JUDY
You heard it too? Why didn't you say something?

PETER
Why didn't <u>you</u>?

Judy and Peter walk to --

THE FAR CORNER OF THE ATTIC - More Parrish stuff. Peter and Judy look at a PILE OF TOYS, GAMES, SPORTS EQUIPMENT (obviously the possessions of a young boy).

PETER
Look Judy, that kid who got kidnapped. Alan Parrish. It's all his stuff.
(picks up a gamebox)
Musta been before they had computer games.

The JUNGLE DRUMS begin again.
Peter and Judy exchange a glance.

Peter throws off the other games, revealing, at the bottom of the pile, A WOODEN BOX; we've seen it before - it has engraved jungle scenes and the word JUMANJI on it.

The DRUMS stop. Judy and Peter exchange a glance.

Peter sets the box on a dresser drawer, unclasps it and opens it. TWO TOKENS are in the positions left by Alan Parrish and Sarah Whittle.

Peter opens the tie-string pouch and dumps out DICE and TWO REMAINING TOKENS. He reads the fold-out cover:

PETER
"JUMANJI," a game for the bored and restless." Well, that's us.

Suddenly SHUUMP! the tokens are sucked onto the beginning squares of the board.

PETER
Whoah, lookit that!

JUDY
Put it away, Peter. It gives me the creeps.

She grabs the dice from him; tosses them on the board.

Judy's dice tumble to a stop.
The JUNGLE DRUMS begin again and --

JUDY'S PIECE moves by itself to the appropriate square.
LETTERS appear in THE MIDDLE OF THE BOARD.

The two kids stare wide-eyed at the board.

JUDY
(suspiciously)
Old games couldn't do that. Must have micro-chips in it or something.

PETER
It's cool the way they made it look so ancient.
(reading)
"This mosquito's got the fever, itchy, twitchy, sneezy fever."

The lettering fades away.

PETER (cont'd)
Itchy, twitchy, sneezy...?

We HEAR a BUZZING SOUND.

THREE MOSQUITOS with 3-inch wingspans fly across the attic, divebombing at Peter and Judy. Peter flails at the mosquitos, trying to defend himself.

Judy grabs a TENNIS RACQUET and swings wildly.
They buzz and divebomb.
THE MOSQUITOS fly out the broken gable window.

Judy and Peter look at each other, then at the board.

Judy picks up the board and examines it, front and back. She sets it back down.

JUDY
You try it.

She hands Peter the dice. Peter rolls. Two "1's".

PETER
Snake eyes.

Again, the JUNGLE DRUMS begin.
Peter's piece moves by itself two squares.
Peter leans over to read:

PETER
"This will not be an easy mission, monkeys slow the expedition."

Immediately A CACOPHONY OF NOISE comes from downstairs. CRASHING and BANGING.

JUDY
What is <u>that</u>?

Judy races off through the attic. Peter follows.

EXT. STAIRCASE/HALLWAY - DAY

Judy and Peter race down the stairs and down the hallway. They stop outside THE KITCHEN DOOR.

Inside, we HEAR CHINA BREAKING and SCREECHING NOISES.

Judy slowly pushes the door open. They peek in. Judy's and Peter's eyes bug out.

INT. KITCHEN

A dozen JUMANJI MONKEYS are tearing the place apart. (These are not normal monkeys: simian bodies and heads, but human expressions, movements, and intelligence.)

ON THE COUNTER - TWO MONKEYS take Nora's prized porcelain cups from the shelves and heave them across the kitchen --

ON THE KITCHEN TABLE - THE BIGGEST MONKEY stands with a SOUP LADLE resting on his shoulder. He swings the ladle like a baseball bat, showering the floor with porcelain.

AT THE SINK - A MONKEY plays with the sink sprayer. The sink is overflowing, dousing the broken china on the floor.

AT THE REFRIGERATOR - SEVERAL MONKEYS are throwing food, spilling milk, etc.

INT. HALLWAY - OUTSIDE KITCHEN DOOR

Judy and Peter, gulping, shut the door.
They look at each other, spellbound.
We hear more CUPS BREAKING.

PETER
It's not micro chips, is it?

CUT TO:

INT. ATTIC - MINUTES LATER

The JUMANJI BOARD sits on a moving trunk.
Peter and Judy stare at it.

JUDY
Read the instructions.

Peter picks up the board; reads the instructions.

PETER
"Welcome to the safari."
(scans, paraphrases)
You roll the dice to move your token; doubles gets another turn; uhmm, the first player to reach the end and yell Jumanji wins, and...
(beat)
...uhh-oh.

JUDY
What?

PETER
"Adventurers beware: do not begin unless you intend to finish. The exciting consequences of the game will vanish only when a player has reached Jumanji and called out its name."

JUDY
Consequences?

PETER
I guess if you wanna get the stuff that comes out of the game...
(they hear a CRASH in the living room)
...back into the game....

They HEAR the door open and slam.
Peter and Judy go to the dormer window and look down --

PETER'S AND JUDY'S POV - THE JUMANJI MONKEYS

exit the house jogging two abreast, like soldiers in double time. The lead monkey CHIRPS an order. They instantly fan out, dispersing in a hundred directions.

BACK TO SCENE - JUDY looks at PETER

PETER
What should we do? Think of something.

JUDY
You think of something. You're the brains in the family.

PETER
Maybe we're hallucinating.

JUDY
Those monkeys are real, Peter. So was the mosquito.
(beat)
Let's just do what the game says.
(hands Peter the dice)
It's your turn; you rolled doubles. Don't think, Peter, just roll.

Peter takes the dice; he shakes them and tosses them.

IN CLOSE-UP - PETER'S DICE skitter across the board and come to a stop: a "5" and a "3", totalling "8".

The DRUMS BEGIN. Peter's token moves forward; his rhyme appears. Peter reads:

PETER
"His fangs are sharp, he likes your taste; your party better move post haste."
(beat)
Post haste?

ACROSS THE ATTIC - A LION'S SILHOUETTE falls against the wall. He is sitting on an upright piano. We get a sense of immense, almost impossible size.

The LION'S TAIL falls across the piano's treble keys, creating an eery procession of notes.

PETER AND JUDY freeze. They turn, looking in the direction of the piano.

They walk across the attic, moving slowly past boxes, junk, etc.

THE LION, still in silhoutte, comes down from the piano, his huge paws CRUNCHING THE BASS KEYS, creating loud, discordant chords.

JUDY's and PETER'S eyes go wide.

They begin to slowly back up. Further, then further - they turn and bolt from the room.

The lion ROARS and leaps down, giving chase!

INT. SPIRAL STAIRCASE - CONTINUOUS

Peter and Judy scramble down the stairs.

In c.g.i. effect THE LION (only now do we see his entire form, and he is HUGE) leaps down to the lower floor, cutting off the retreat of Judy and Peter, who SCREAM.

They race back up the staircase, running right into --

A MAN with a bone-handled crude knife in his hands. He's long-haired and bearded, with a crazy look in his eyes. He's dressed in animal skin.

JUDY AND PETER
ARRRGGGHHHH!

Judy and Peter recoil, nearly falling backward into the teeth of the lion; the Man From Jumanji grabs them and pulls them behind him. They race down the hallway.

INT. ATTIC STAIRWAY/UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The MAN FROM JUMANJI slowly backs down the hall, his knife held before him, the lion following, SNARLING.

Man and beast move down the hall, reaching the end.

The Man taunts the lion with the knife, urging him on. The lion springs for the Man's jugular.

The Man throws the knife into the wood flooring where it sticks SPROING! His hands now freed, he leaps vertically, grabbing a HALLWAY CHANDELIER directly above, the lion passing beneath him.

The lion's momentum carries it into (Nora's) master bedroom. The Man From Jumanji lands and kicks the door shut. The lion is trapped within Nora's room. We hear him GROWL and CLAW at the door, enraged.

The Man From Jumanji looks around very slowly. He walks down the hallway.

He stops by the linen closet door. He throws open the door, revealing --

JUDY AND PETER INSIDE THE CLOSET - they SCREAM!

The Man From Jumanji looks at the kids curiously. Again, he looks around the hallway. He walks quickly down the hallway, to the LOCKED ROOM.

Peter and Judy look at each other, then follow.

The Man from Jumanji tries the doorknob, finds it locked and kicks the door in. Enters.

INT. LOCKED ROOM

The Man enters the locked room. We see that it is ALAN PARRISH'S BEDROOM, preserved exactly as it was in 1969.

A year book. A half-constructed model of a ship. A school picture of a Sarah Whittle at age 13. The room is dominated by a fireplace with a stone hearth and ornate oak mantle.

THE MAN FROM JUMANJI paces around the room. The place seems very familiar to him.

He sees A STACK OF NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS. The Man From Jumanji grabs the topmost clipping.

INSERT - THE HEADLINE reads:

BRANTFORD BOY KIDNAPPED

The Man starts rifling through the clippings. Hartford, New York, and Boston newspapers show HEADLINES of the Alan Parrish incident: "Brantford Boy Still Missing," "No Clues in Brantford Disappearance." PHOTOGRAPHS show Alan Parrish and Sarah Whittle as kids.

He is excited, almost hyperventilating.
He blinks. He shakes his head. He raps his knuckles on his forehead. It's as if he can't believe his eyes.

He suddenly runs from the room!
Judy and Peter, stupified, follow!

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

The Man From Jumanji runs down the stairs into the living room.

Peter and Judy come down the stairs.
They stand in the foyer, watching the Man From Jumanji.

He CACKLES wildly. The following is sing-song, building to a rage:

MAN FROM JUMANJI
In the jungle you must wait until the dice read five or eight; in the jungle you must wait until the dice read five or eight....

He turns and approaches Peter and Judy.

MAN FROM JUMANJI
Who are you?

Judy and Peter, terrified, take two quick steps back.

JUDY
I'm Judy. That's Peter.

MAN FROM JUMANJI
What are you doing here?

JUDY
We live here.

ALAN
Where are the people who used to live here?

PETER
We don't know.

The Man From Jumanji registers this.

JUDY
Who...are you?

The Man eyes them a moment, then says:

MAN FROM JUMANJI
Alan Parrish.

It is ALAN PARRISH, now age 38, and nothing like the boy of 1969. He is lean, muscular and athletic, his skin tan and weathered. He has a steeliness, a sureness.

Judy and Peter sharply inhale.

PETER
You mean...? The kid who...?

JUDY
Where...have you been?

ALAN
(a crazy look)
Where have I been?
(cackles again, points at the Jumanji board)
I've been in the jungle!

He bolts past the kids and runs out the front door!

EXT. PARRISH HOME - FRONT LAWN - DAY

Alan exits the house.
He walks across the lawn, looking in all directions at his old neighborhood. He approaches the street.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

We are the POV of the POLICE OFFICER looking through the front windshield as --

ALAN, dazed, looking around, wanders off the sidewalk into our path --

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF PARRISH HOME - DAY

The police car locks up it's brakes, SCREECHING --

ALAN whirls around.

The cruiser is going to run him over.
At the last second he leaps straight up as --

THE CRUISER lurches to a full stop and ALAN lands safely on the hood of the car.

THE POLICE OFFICER throws open the door and gets out, screaming agitatedly:

POLICE OFFICER
GET DOWN OFF THERE!

The officer is about 45 and black. He is CARL BENTLEY, who at 20 was the shoemaker at "Parrish Shoes."

Alan hops down from the hood.

OFFICER BENTLEY
Step up on the sidewalk, please.

Alan is looking at Bentley's police car. To Alan, it is futuristic, and he is amazed.

ALAN
What year is it?

OFFICER BENTLEY
It's brand new.

ALAN
No. I mean what year is it?

JUDY AND PETER run up.

PETER
It's 1995.

Alan and Bentley move to the sidewalk.
Bentley turns to Judy and Peter.

OFFICER BENTLEY
Do you know this man?

JUDY
Yes sir. He's...our uncle.

OFFICER BENTLEY
You the people who just moved in?

CLOSE ON ALAN as he does the arithmetic, mouthing the words:

ALAN (whispering to self)
Nineteen sixty nine to nineteen ninety five that's....twenty six years...?

Meanwhile Bentley steps toward Judy, lowering his voice: He looks at Alan's strange appearance.

OFFICER BENTLEY
Is your uncle supposed to be out by himself? Is he...okay upstairs?

Judy and Peter notice, over Bentley's shoulder --

BY THE POLICE CAR - TWO JUMANJI MONKEYS climb through the window of the cruiser.

INT. BENTLEY'S POLICE CRUISER

The Jumanji Monkeys look around. Very interesting.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF PARRISH HOME - DAY

PETER
He just came from Jumanji.

Judy grimaces.

OFFICER BENTLEY
Jumanji?

JUDY
That's in Africa. Uncle's in the...Peace Corps.

Bentley gives Judy a skeptical look.

INT. BENTLEY'S POLICE CRUISER - DAY

ONE MONKEY jumps onto Bentley's riot gun, locked in its dashmounted bracket. The monkey cocks the gun and pulls on the trigger.

THE RIOT GUN DISCHARGES, blowing a huge hole in the roof of the cruiser, destroying Bentley's LIGHT BAR.

ON THE SIDEWALK - BENTLEY

whirls around, gun drawn.

IN THE POLICE CRUISER - THE OTHER MONKEY

turns the ignition key; throws the cruiser into drive.

THE POLICE CRUISER burns rubber down the street. There's no driver visible in the front seat, only wild monkey laughter coming from within!

BENTLEY
What the....?

The cruiser accelerates.

BENTLEY
Don't you go anywhere!

Bentley turns and sprints off down the street, following the monkey-commandeered cruiser.

JUDY and PETER watch Bentley, their jaws dropping. ALAN turns and jogs the other way, heading toward town.

JUDY
Uhhm Alan? Mr. Parrish?

Alan stops. Turns.

JUDY
What about the game?

PETER
The instructions say we have to finish it.

ALAN
(shrugs)
Go ahead. Finish it.

And he sprints off down the street!

Judy and Peter stand there a moment, at a loss. They look at each other, then run off toward the house.

A rotund MAILMAN comes down the sidewalk. He stops, sneezing loudly and repeatedly, scratching his back in a hard to reach spot.

EXT. BRANTFORD STREETS

Alan runs past the Brantford Community Center (the white clapboarded building we saw in 1969). It is a shambles. The paint is peeled, weeds have overtaken lawn, etc. There is a big CLOSED sign over the front door.

EXT. BRANTFORD - MAIN STREET - DAY

BRANTFORD MAIN STREET, CIRCA 1994 - is nothing like it was in 1969. It's now a string of pawn shops, liquor stores, and cheap diners. Derelict cars. Trash in the gutters. Many shops are boarded up.

ALAN stands at the corner confused, blinking:

ALAN
What's happened? What's happened here?

He runs off, heading toward --

EXT. BRANTFORD - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

The rotary and traffic island.

A DRUNKEN DERELICT is asleep on the traffic island.

The Civil War STATUE is painted with graffiti. An EMPTY BUDWEISER CAN is impaled on the GENERAL'S SWORD.

ALAN walks up to the statue. The brass plate on the base reads: GENERAL ANGUS PARRISH.

Alan frowns. He thinks a moment, then he races off.

ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROTARY - JUDY AND PETER

pedal around the rotary, hot on Alan's tail.

EXT. BRANTFORD - "PARRISH SHOES" - DRIVEWAY

Judy and Peter pedal up to the factory entrance. Below is the HUGE MILLHOUSE. The parking lot's empty. The PARRISH SHOES, FOUR GENERATIONS OF QUALITY sign is faded and rusty, but still legible.

They pedal down the driveway to the shoe factory.

INT. "PARRISH SHOES" - DAY

Alan runs inside the factory.
He looks around, confused, his mind racing.

The once-thriving factory is a shambles. The assembly line machines are old and rusted. Birds fly in the rafters. Water drips down in puddles.

Alan walks through the factory.
He picks up a flattened "Parrish Shoes" shoebox.
Stares at it. His brow knits.

JUDY (o.s.)
Alan!

PETER (o.s.)
Alan! Where are you?

Judy and Peter come through the maze of assembly line machines. They walk up to Alan.

ALAN
Where is everybody? My family owned this place. We employed over six hundred people. Made the best shoes in New England.

Alan looks around, troubled, his emotions a combination

of ruefulness and loss; he remembers the last time he saw his father.

PETER
(looking around the cavernous space.
A lot of shoes.

Alan sees something o.s., above the factory floor.

ALAN'S POV - HIS FATHER'S OLD OFFICE - A DOOR

is slightly ajar. The door has a frosted pane of glass and through the frosted pane we can see --

THE SILHOUETTE OF A MAN SMOKING A PIPE - the pipe is of the exact shape Sam Parrish used to smoke.

BACK TO SCENE - ALAN

runs up the stairs to his father's office. Judy and Peter follow.

AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS - ALAN

pushes open the door

ALAN
Dad?

He pushes open the door.

The office is in stark contrast to what we saw in 1969. Wine bottles on floor. Trash everywhere.

A BUM, about 65, hollow cheekbones, is staring out the window, smoking his pipe.

ALAN
Sorry, I...thought you were someone else.
(begins to go, stops)
Where's the shoe factory?

The bum looks at Alan, then back out the window.

BUM
Yer standin' in it.

ALAN
Did they build a new one?

BUM
Nope. Went bankrupt.

ALAN
Bankrupt? When?

BUM
1981.

Alan, alarmed, looks back at the factory. Judy takes a step forward.

JUDY
Does the owner still live around here?

BUM
Nope.

JUDY
Where'd he move to?

BUM
Didn't.

Alan, Judy and Peter look at each other.

CUT TO:

TWO MARBLE GRAVESTONES, inlaid in the ground, partially obscured by leaves, which read: Samuel Alan Parrish June 18, 1921 - May 6, 1991; Carol Anne Parrish November 20, 1930 - August 19, 1991. PULL BACK TO --

EXT. BRANTFORD - CEMETERY OFF TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Alan, Judy and Peter stand in silence, looking at the graves behind a waist high WROUGHT IRON FENCE. In the b.g., a steepled white church. Wind RUSTLES in the surrounding trees.

Alan pushes open the gate. He kneels and brushes his mother's gravestone, clearing away the leaves with the flat of his hand.

Alan brushes off his father's gravestone. He covers his face with his hands, remembering....

ALAN
(whispers)
...drop dead, dad....

EXT. ROAD NEXT TO GRAVEYARD

Alan, Judy and Peter walk down a sidewalk next to the graveyard, the tombstones visible behind them.

PETER
Our dad...he died too.

JUDY
He fell. We were hiking in the

JUDY (cont'd)
Grand Canyon and he went off the trail - where it was steeper. The ledge he was on broke.

ALAN
What did your dad do?

JUDY
Wrote advertisements.

PETER
For soap and toothpaste. Hamburgers. Trucks. Lotsa stuff.

ALAN
You miss him?

Judy and Peter nod sadly. They walk along for a moment.

JUDY
Did you miss your folks, Alan? When you went away?

ALAN
Yeah, at first. Then....
(face hardens)
...I guess I forgot about them.
(beat)
One thing I do remember.

PETER
What?

ALAN
Hamburgers. I want a hamburger with ketchup and onions. And cheese and...
(savors the word)
...french fries.

CUT TO:

A SIGN reading: "NO SHOES, NO SHIRT, NO SERVICE," and WIDEN TO --

EXT. BRANTFORD MAIN STREET - DINER

ALAN, barefoot and shirtless, staring at the "No shoes, no shirt" sign. JUDY and PETER stand behind him.

JUDY
I'll buy you some shoes and a shirt if you help us finish the game.

Alan looks at Judy and --

CUT TO:

INT. BRANTFORD - DEPARTMENT STORE

ALAN, in stay-pressed slacks and a button-downed shirt, staring at --

A FIFTY FOOT LONG WALL OF SNEAKERS - Nike, Reebok, Keds, Converse, etc.

PETER
You said you wanted to fit in. This is what everybody wears now.

Alan looks at PETER'S FEET: hightop sneakers.

Alan picks up a pair of sneakers. He examines them, remembering his father's plans for the factory....

ALAN
Well, what do you know...

CUT TO:

A GLASS being filled with COCA COLA, then lifted across the counter in front of --

INT. BRANTFORD - DINER

-- ALAN, who grabs the coke in mid-air and drinks it in one swallow; then he eats every last crumb on his plate and BELCHES loudly; his plate is spotless. Three other plates of food (another hamburger, chili, etc.) await.

THE WAITRESS stares at Alan.
TWO TRUCKDRIVERS seated down the counter stare at Alan.

During the following, A WOMAN in a side booth SNEEZES periodically.

WAITRESS
When was your last meal?

ALAN
(without looking up)
1969.

The waitress frowns at Alan and walks off.
One of the Truckdrivers grunts:

TRUCKDRIVER 1
Smart-ass.

Alan rips open a MILKY WAY BAR and chomps into it. The counter is littered with CANDYBAR WRAPPERS.

JUDY AND PETER, next to Alan, watch him eat.

JUDY
Uhmm Alan?

ALAN
What?

JUDY
The game?

ALAN
Changed my mind.

Judy and Peter look at each other.

PETER
You promised.

ALAN
You want me to help you play the game? I've <u>been</u> playing it for twenty-five years. I'm not going near the damn thing.

The SNEEZING WOMAN from the side booth exits. Her arms twitch. They twitch again, more violently.

JUDY
(glares at Alan)
What about the lion in our house.

PETER
Yeah, and those monkeys....

ALAN
Call a zoo.

JUDY
Alan, you took all my money.

THE TRUCKDRIVERS, overhearing this, look at Alan.

JUDY continues, irate, louder:

JUDY
I <u>needed</u> that money, Alan.

TRUCKDRIVER 1
Hey.

Alan doesn't pay him any attention.
The Truckdrivers rise. They're huge, burly guys. They walk over to Alan. One on one side, one on the other. They lean down.

TRUCKDRIVER 1
You take this kid's money?

ALAN
None o' your business.

TRUCKDRIVER 2
(grabs Alan's collar)
Hey, we're talkin' to y....

WHAM! Alan's fist slams into the Truckdriver 1's jaw. He grabs Truckdriver 2 by the hair and SLAMS his face down on the countertop.

The Truckdrivers slump against the counter, out cold.

Alan eats his candy bar like nothing happened.

JUDY, PETER, and the WAITRESS, awed, look at the unconscious Truckdrivers, then at Alan.

The waitress picks up the phone to call the police.

EXT. DINER - DAY

Alan exits, followed by Judy and Peter.

JUDY
If you're not going to help us, what are you going to do?

ALAN
Well let's see. What are my prospects? On the up side, I'm thirty-eight, in great shape, not bad looking and I own a little real estate - better tell your mother you've got a new landlord. On the down side, I'm thirty-eight, untrained, no college education, my best friend's a tree sloth and I haven't taken a bath in twenty-five years. College? Maybe. Law school? Not out of the question. A wife? Kids? Why not?. What am I going to do? I'M GONNA LIVE MY LIFE.

Alan walks off.
We HEAR a SIREN and cars begin to pull over.
AN AMBULANCE VAN comes racing down Main Street.

We hear TIRES SQUEALING in the opposite direction as --

A CAR veers erratically down the street.

The Ambulance tries to avoid the car but it's too late. The vehicles clip each other, fishtail, and lurch to a stop in front of Alan, Judy and Peter.

PARAMEDIC 1 gets out of the ambulance and rushes to the car. He opens the door and pulls out the driver --

MRS. THOMAS, the realtor. She's barely conscious, her face jaundiced. She is sweating profusely. She sneezes violently. Her limp hand shakes.

PARAMEDIC 1
We got another one, Larry!

Paramedic 2 runs up with a portable stretcher.

PARAMEDIC 2
Jeez that's over fifty.
(looks around)
What the hell's going on...?

JUDY AND PETER sharply inhale.
ALAN looks at Mrs. Thomas closely.

With tremendous urgency, Alan turns to the kids:

ALAN
What came out of the game before me?

JUDY
There was the lion...

PETER
...and the monkeys...and...

ALAN
(hands six inches apart)
...a mosquito about this big?

PETER
Itchy twitchy, sneezy fever, right?

ALAN
Listen to me: get as far away as you possibly can and stay indoors the rest of your life.

He starts walking away.
The kids look at each other.

JUDY
Alan! Wait!

They hustle after him, catching up.

A MOTHER exits a store, pushing a baby stroller. She nearly bumps into Alan. The woman bends to her BABY BOY in the stroller. The little boy's face is flushed red. He sneezes.

MOTHER
What is it, honey?

The woman nervously hurries off.
THE AMBULANCE tears off down the street, siren WHOOPING.

Alan looks at the ambulance. Looks at the lady with the stroller.

ALAN
They're all gonna die.

JUDY
What?

ALAN
You itch for a day, twitch for a couple more, then you die.

The kids look at each other. They're really scared.

JUDY
Alan, the only way to make the mosquito go away is to finish the game. We have to finish it.

Alan closes his eyes, takes a deep breath. Sighs, then:

ALAN
I know.
(looks at Mrs. Thomas car)
Anybody here know how to drive?

CUT TO:

EXT. *STREET IN FRONT OF PARRISH HOME*

We hear an ENGINE, and GRINDING GEARS.
Mrs. Thomas' car ROARS INTO FRAME, flattening the stop sign at the corner, the neighbor's picket fence, finally the Parrish mailbox.

ALAN turns off the ignition.

ALAN
Piece o' cake.

Everyone climbs out.

CUT TO:

INT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Judy and Peter sit at the coffee table in front of the game. ALAN is at the window pulling shut the drapes, talking to himself.

ALAN
Have fun, kiddos, this time I'm on the sidelines....

JUDY tosses the dice. They roll to a stop. Nothing happens. Judy's piece does not move.

PETER
Try it again.

ALAN at the curtains, still talking to himself...

ALAN
I did my time in hell. Better you than me....

Judy tosses the dice again. Nothing happens.

JUDY
Alan, it's not working.

Alan walks over to Judy and Peter. He stares at the gameboard. His expression darkens.

ALAN
No. No. NO. NO NOOOOOOO. It's not your turn.

PETER
Judy rolled first, then me twice 'cause I got doubles. Now it's hers again.

ALAN
No. Look.

INSERT - THE GAMEBOARD IN CLOSE-UP

There are FOUR TOKENS on the board, all on different squares. Alan's finger points to the different tokens.

ALAN (o.s.)
If these two are yours, who's are those? One of 'em's mine.

BACK TO SCENE - ALAN looks from Judy to Peter. They don't understand.

ALAN
Don't you get it? You're playing the game I started. In nineteen sixty-nine.

PETER
So who's turn is it?

JUDY
(sharp breath)
The person you were playing with.

ALAN
My next door neighbor, and who knows where she is now?
(remembering)
Sarah Whittle.

Peter and Judy turn to each other.

CUT TO:

INT. PARRISH HOME - FOYER - MINUTES LATER

Judy and Peter watch as --

Alan comes down the stairs. He has shaved. Poorly. His face is covered with pieces of toilet paper.

ALAN
She's not married, is she?

PETER
I don't think so....

Alan looks at his face in the foyer mirror. He notices Judy and Peter watching him.

ALAN
What do you want? I've never shaved before.
(begins pulling off toilet paper)

Alan turns to face the kids. He looks like hell.

ALAN
How do I look?

PETER AND JUDY
(lying)
Really nice. Yeah, great.

CUT TO:

EXT. SARAH WHITTLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Alan, Peter and Judy stand in the street, looking at Sarah's house.

ALAN
She's gonna be surprised to see me.

PETER
Kind of the understatement of the century.

We HEAR a CRASH. Another CRASH as a book flies out the window. We hear SARAH screaming within the house.

SARAH (o.s.)
Stop it! Let go of that!

Alan runs inside.

*INT. SARAH'S HOUSE - FOYER/HALLWAY*

The foyer and living room is thoroughly trashed. We hear SCREAMING in an adjacent room, then many SCUTTLING FEET. Alan pushes open the door as --

AN ANTIQUE GLOBE comes rolling down a fan-shaped staircase. Alan steps aside. The globe rolls out the door. Alan looks at the top of the stairs at --

TWO JUMANJI MONKEYS AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS who smile at him, chatter, and run away.

Alan runs into the room where we hear Sarah SCREAMING.

SARAH'S HOUSE - LIBRARY - CONTINUOUS

SARAH WHITTLE, wild-eyed, hair mussed, stands on a desk, shooing a JUMANJI MONKEY with a broom. The floor is covered with books and ripped manuscripts.

She looks over at Alan.

SARAH
Who are you?!

Sarah is <u>not</u> what Alan expected. She's no longer the glamorous girl, but a dowdy 35 year-old, with wire-rimmed glasses, bunned-up hair, wearing a conservatively cut, shapeless housedress.

ALAN
Don't panic. The monkeys aren't going to hurt you.

SARAH
They're <u>yours?</u> You from the circus or something? I've already called the police.
(points a finger)
You're in big touble, pal.

ALAN
Sarah, they're not my monkeys.

SARAH
(suspiciously)
How do you know my name?

ALAN
They came from the game, Sarah.

SARAH
What game?

ALAN
When you were thirteen, you played a game with a kid down the street.

Sarah's eyes go wide. Her hands go to her face. She begins to tremble.

ALAN
The game with the bats, Sarah.

At the mention of "bats," Sarah shudders.

SARAH
How do you know about the bats...?

ALAN
Because I was there.

Sarah looks at Alan closely. She sharply inhales.

SARAH
Alan?

She faints.

EXT. SARAH WHITTLE'S HOUSE - DAY

Alan comes down the porch stairs with Sarah over his shoulder.

PETER
Did you hit her?

ALAN
No, I didn't hit her.

Peter and Judy follow Alan down the street.

INT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM

FOLLOWING Judy, entering with a glass of water; she hands it to Sarah on the couch.

SARAH
Thank you.

Sarah begins to drink. Mid-drink she stops, looking at ALAN, who stands before her. She puts the glass down. Rises. Looks at him.

SARAH
Let's sum up. You've been living in a magic boardgame for twenty-six years, now you're back, and you want me to help you finish playing the magic boardgame or a mosquito the size of a sparrow will kill a bunch of people. Did I forget anything?

ALAN, PETER, JUDY
(matter-of-factly)
-- No.
-- Sounds about right.

SARAH
(rises to leave)
You're all lunatics.

JUDY
Sarah, look.

Judy carries the gameboard over to Sarah. Sets it down. Sarah stares at it.

SARAH
Get...that away from me. Why are you doing this to me?
(stops; deep breaths, talks to herself)
Compose yourself. You're thirty-eight, a p.h.d., you've had two decades of therapy, you are a logical, intelligent, rational person.

She starts for the door. Alan heads her off. They stand face-to-face.

ALAN
Throw the dice. Just once.

SARAH
Oh this is nonsense....

ALAN
Prove it. Throw the dice. If nothing happens you can go home, call the police, and have me locked up.

Pause. They stare at each other.
Alan holds the dice for Sarah in his outstretched palm.
Sarah sighs. Capitulates.

She grabs the dice from Alan.
She walks to the board, drops the dice, and exits....

The DRUMS begin. Sarah freezes.
She slooooowly turns. Walks back to the board.

HER TOKEN slides forward. Her RHYME appears.

SARAH'S EYES widen.

ALAN
Go on. Read it.

SARAH
"They grow much faster than bamboo, take care or they'll come after you."

BITS OF PLASTER fall on the game board.
Everyone looks up at a CRACK in the ceiling.
A VINE emerges.

SARAH
(whispers, incredulous)
Oh my god, it really did happen. Twenty-two years of sessions with Doctor Boorstein to convince me it didn't.

SMALL VINES push out from behind pictures, out of drawers, from in between sofa cushions, out of electrical outlets, from molding around the ceiling.

SARAH
I was his most interesting case. We discussed denial. We discussed reverse Oedipal leanings. We entertained notions of psychosis and schizophrenia....

ALAN
Let's entertain a notion of getting the hell out of here.

The tendrils are BLOOMING into PURPLE FLOWERS the size of sunflowers.

JUDY
Why? They're beautiful.

Peter and Judy reach out to touch them.

PETER
Yeah. These're cool.

ALAN
Don't! They shoot poison barbs.

VINE TENDRILS begin circling PETER'S FEET.

ALAN (cont'd)
And look out for the big yellow ones.

PETER
(looking around)
What big yellow ones?

JUDY sees the vine tendril around Peter's ankle and SCREAMS too late....

JUDY
PETER!

THE VINE drags PETER bodily toward a HUGE GREEN POD (four feet in diameter) which emerges from the glass doors of a huge mahogany break-front. The pod opens, revealing YELLOW PETALS and CARNIVOROUS TEETH within.

PETER
ARGGGHH!!

Sarah, Judy, and Alan grab Peter's legs and PULL. The vine is too powerful; it drags Peter, and the others holding him, across the carpet.

ALAN looks at the FIREPLACE MANTLE - in a glass display case is GENERAL ANGUS PARRISH'S CIVIL WAR SABRE.

Alan releases Peter. He dashes to the MANTLE. Picks up a clock on the mantle and heaves it through the glass. He yanks down the sabre and races back to --

PETER, about to be dragged into the flower's "mouth."

HACK!! the SABRE falls on the vine, cutting it in two. PETER leaps away. The vine recoils into the flower.

Alan slides the sabre in his belt. Pulls Peter to his feet. Everyone dashes from the room and --

CUT TO:

EXT. SARAH WHITTLE'S HOUSE - DAY

BENTLEY'S CRUISER, dented and shot to hell, sits at the curb. BENTLEY'S on his c.b., looking at the house.

OFFICER BENTLEY
I'm over at the Whittle residence, chief. There's signs of a disturbance but no one's home.
(beat)
Will do. Ten four, over.

Bentley hangs up the receiver.
He turns and looks down the street at the Parrish house.

CUT TO:

INT. PARRISH HOME - LIBRARY

The foursome sits on the oriental rug in the middle of the room, the gameboard between them. This is a fabulous room, all mahogany and brown leather furniture. A bay window. Floor to ceiling books.

SARAH stares straight ahead, breathing heavily.

ALAN
We'll finish the game right here. Whatever happens, we keep playing. We stop for nothing. If I tell you to do something, do it.
(to Peter, pointedly)
If I tell you not to do something...

SARAH
Hold on, hold on, wait....
(turns to Alan)
Who put you in charge?

ALAN
I did. You want to vote on it?

SARAH
Maybe we should.

ALAN
Fine. Who thinks I should be in charge?

Alan, Judy, and Peter raise their hands.
Sarah grits her teeth.

JUDY
Sarah, Alan's been there.

ALAN
(pointedly)
Yeah, Sarah, since nineteen sixty nine. "In the jungle you must wait, until the dice read five or eight?" Remember?

SARAH
(defensively)
What are you talking about?

ALAN
Just something I've been asking

ALAN (cont'd)
myself for, oh, about twenty-six years while I waited under a stinking palm tree for somebody to ROLL A DAMN FIVE OR EIGHT.

SARAH
I was scared! I still am scared.

PETER
Uhm people? Hello?
(they look at Peter)
Can we argue after we finish the game?

SARAH
Fine. Alan's in charge.

Sarah gives Alan a conciliatory look.
Alan, in a conciliatory gesture, extends his hand.

Sarah shakes Alan's hand. After the shake, Alan's hand is still outstretched.

ALAN
The dice.

Sarah frowns. Hands Alan the dice.
Alan shakes the dice and rolls for the first time since 1969, and reads:

ALAN
"There is a hunter proud and true,
it's not your day, he's mad at you."

Alan rises quickly as if expecting the worst.
He looks around nervously.

ALAN
Oh no. Van Pelt.

PETER
Who's Van Pelt?

A SHOTGUN BLAST blows in the bay window of the library.

Alan dives to the carpet, the shot going wide. Sarah and the kids whirl around, terrified, to see --

IN THE BACK YARD - A GREAT WHITE HUNTER

is drawing a bead on Alan with a shotgun. This is VAN PELT, an imperialist Transval Englishman from a bygone era. He is laconic, humorless; a remorseless killer.

ALAN bolts across the room.

VAN PELT leans in the bay window and BLASTS again.
The shots RIP into the moulding, missing Alan by inches.
Van Pelt climbs into the library and moves past --

SARAH, JUDY, and PETER, who cringe in terror.

INT. PARRISH HOUSE - 1ST FLOOR HALLWAY

ALAN dashes down the corridor for the front door.
Van Pelt emerges from the library, drawing another bead.

Alan pulls the sabre from his belt and heaves it at Van Pelt, javelin style. The sabre rips through the sleeve of Van Pelt's bush jacket and SPROING! sticks into the wall, pinning Van Pelt, throwing off his aim.

Alan dashes out the front door.
Van Pelt rips the jacket from the sabre and pursues.

EXT. PARRISH HOME - FRONT LAWN/STREET

ALAN bursts from the house, sprinting across the front lawn and down the street.

VAN PELT exits calmly, reloading.
He FIRES again, then follows Alan down the street.

EXT. DOWN THE STREET - IN FRONT OF SARAH'S HOUSE

BENTLEY, at Sarah's house, looks up, wide-eyed, as --

ALAN sprints down the street past him.

VAN PELT, walking quickly, precisely, comes down the street, aiming yet again.

BENTLEY
(o.s.)
POLICE. FREEZE.

Van Pelt freezes, his jaw muscles twitching.

OFFICER BENTLEY is behind the door of his cruiser, about 20 yards away, his pistol trained on Van Pelt.

BENTLEY
DROP THE GUN AND GET YOUR HANDS IN THE AIR.

Van Pelt, instead of obeying, wheels on Bentley, BLASTING at the cruiser. Bentley hits the deck as --

BENTLEY'S CRUISER is blasted apart by round after round from Van Pelt's shotgun....the front and back windshield... the headlights...glass rains down....

VAN PELT turns on Alan. He's got a clear shot.

He squeezes the trigger.

CLICK. Van Pelt's out of ammo. He curses and sprints into the woods of the surrounding property.

BENTLEY slowly emerges from behind the door, looking around. He frantically reaches inside the cruiser, grabbing his c.b. radio.

BENTLEY
I got an armed and dangerous perpetrator on Blair Street! A caucasian male with one helluva big gun! Ten four, over!
(gets behind the wheel)
Don't go anywhere. I mean nobody.

Bentley ROARS off, tires SQUEALING.
Alan comes back down the street.

SARAH, JUDY, and PETER run up.
They stare at Alan and --

CUT TO:

INT. PARRISH HOME - LIBRARY - DAY

The foursome reenters.
They take their places around the gameboard.
Alan picks up the dice and hands them to Judy.

Judy begins to roll.
Sarah restrains her hand.

SARAH
Who was that man?
(no response)
Alan, if there are people in there trying to kill you....

ALAN
(sighs)
His name's Van Pelt. He hunts. Right now he happens to be hunting me.

PETER
He hunts people?

JUDY
What if he comes back?

ALAN
Run like hell.

Alan hands the dice to Judy.

Judy rolls; her piece moves; her rhyme appears on the board. She stares blankly at her rhyme.

ALAN
Go ahead, read it.

JUDY'S face reddens. She looks at PETER with beseeching eyes. Peter leans over to read Judy's rhyme.

PETER
"Don't be fooled, it isn't...."

ALAN
Wait a minute.
(turns to Judy)
It's your turn, you read it.

Judy doesn't respond. Another pause.

PETER
Uhhm, Alan....
(beat)
Judy can't read.

ALAN
What do you mean she can't....?
(turns on Judy again)
How old are you?

JUDY
(uneasy)
Twelve.

ALAN
You're twelve and you can't read?
(beat)
You're kidding, right? You're not kidding.

Judy turns away, trembling with embarrassment. Her face scrunches up; she's nearly crying.

SARAH
Leave her alone, Alan.

Sarah puts her arm around Judy and whispers.

SARAH
It's okay.

PETER
She has dyslexia. It's a reading disability.

ALAN
How could I know? Stop crying. Stop crying, will ya?

Judy stops. She rubs her eyes.

ALAN
There. You're fine.

SARAH
She's not fine. You hurt her feelings. What's the matter with you?

ALAN
(turns to Judy)
Look, I'll read it myself, okay?
(reads Judy's rhyme)
"Don't be fooled, it isn't thunder; staying put would be a blunder."

A slight RUMBLING is heard in the distance.

PETER
Sure sounds like thunder.

Alan is wary. He frowns, listening to the RUMBLE. He walks across the library to the bookstack on the far wall. The others follow. The RUMBLING continues.

SARAH
What <u>is</u> that?

Alan ignores Peter and focuses on the bookstack. The RUMBLING grows louder; the BOOKS begin to SHAKE and VIBRATE. In an instant it dawns on Alan:

ALAN
Stampede!

Alan grabs Judy and Peter and hauls them across the room, pushing Sarah in front of him just as --

<u>The wall of the library room EXPLODES and</u> --

A HERD OF RHINOCEROSES bursts through the BOOKSTACK and charges across the library!

Sarah and the kids, looking over their shoulders, SCREAM! ALAN pushes everyone into the hallway and --

INT. PARRISH HOME - HALLWAY

-- They race pell mell toward the living room. The RHINOCEROS HERD smashes through the library's french doors and comes after them!

Behind the rhinos is a HERD OF ELEPHANTS!
The rhinoceroses bear down on them.
Their HOOF BEATS are deafening.
Their SNORTING BREATH is six feet away!

The FOUR PLAYERS DIVE into the living room as the animals ROAR past them down the hallway, SMASHING the west wall of the house to bits; THEY STAMPEDE RIGHT THROUGH IT into the side lawn.

INT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM

The foursome tumbles into the living room.
Each gathers himself and looks at an awesome sight:

THE ANIMALS charge past the living room. It's a living, breathing freight train: RHINOS, then ELEPHANTS, and ZEBRAS. POUNDING HOOVES and BREAKING FURNITURE.

Finally it's over.
The FOUR PLAYERS slowly rise; they timidly move to the living room threshold. They look down the hallway.

It's a total wreck, as if it's been bombed.
The floor is covered in rubble. Part of an exterior wall is missing. Dust hangs in the air.

A FLOCK OF PELICANS flap past them and out the front door. The LAST PELICAN is enormous, with a six foot wingspan. It flies into the parlor and lands --

-- amidst the rubble next to THE GAMEBOARD.
The big bird looks at the board.
Suddenly it snatches it up in its bill.

**ALAN**
Hey! No you don't.

Its too late.
THE PELICAN, gameboard clenched in bill, lifts off from the coffee table, taking flight.

Alan, Sarah, Peter and Judy chase it across the room.

**ALAN**
Wait a minute! Damn it, come back!

The pelican flies out the shattered living room window and lifts above the trees, flying toward town.

The foursome stands at the window, grim, in silence.
Suddenly a TELEPHONE RINGS, the sound muffled.

Judy and Peter look at each other, gulping.
Judy follows the RINGING to its source. She pulls the TELEPHONE out from under a bunch of rubble. Answers:

**JUDY**
Hello.

**NORA (v.o.)**
Hi, it's mom. How was school?

JUDY
Uhmm, great, mom.

*INT. A UNIVERSITY OFFICE - DAY*

Nora's behind her desk in her new office. Cartons of books, some opened, some not, are all over the place.

In the b.g., during this, are several ACADEMICS (Nora's new colleagues).

NORA
Listen, honey, I've invited some of my department over for dinner tonight. Make sure the place is picked up, okay?

EXT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Judy looks around the destroyed house, grimacing:

JUDY
Sure, mom. See ya in a little bit.

Judy hangs up and walks back to the others. They're still staring out the window.

JUDY
(still grimacing)
My mother's coming home.

Peter looks at Judy and gulps.

PETER
What are we going to do? That thing could've flown to China.

ALAN
Pelicans like water.

JUDY
Where's the nearest body of water?

SARAH/ALAN (unison)
The Brantford River.

CUT TO:

*EXT. BRANTFORD - MAIN STREET - DAY*

A WINDOW DISPLAY of pawn shop JUNK including firearms: rifles, shotguns, handguns, as we WIDEN TO --

The stern hunter VAN PELT, on the sidewalk, staring at the display. He walks inside the store.

INT. BRANTFORD - PAWN SHOP - DAY

Two oily SALESMEN smoking cigars and a filterless cigarette sit behind the counter.

Van Pelt enters, wearing jodhpurs, a cape, and a pith helmet. The Salesmen give him a queer look.

SALESMEN 1
(grunts)
Morning.

Van Pelt slides the action of his gun, EJECTING a spent cartridge which flies into the hand of Salesman 1, who examines it.

SALESMAN
What the hell is this?
(tosses it to the other salesman)
Lenny, we carry these?

SALESMAN 2
Hell no. Sterling and Johnson 6 gauge. That company went belly up in 1903.

SALESMAN 1
You want real ammo, you're gonna have to get a real gun, buck-o. You a hunter?
(Van Pelt nods)
What do you hunt?

VAN PELT
Animals.

SALESMAN 1
You look like you got an eye for quality. Lemme interest you in this.

The Salesman reaches under the counter, pulls out a HUGE SNIPER RIFLE with a telescopic sight.

SALESMAN
Top of the line. How do you love it?

Van Pelt nods. He withdraws a MONEY PURSE from his cape. Pulls out BILLS OF CURRENCY and hands them over. The currency is AFRICAN TRANSVAL, circa 1900.

SALESMAN
You some kind o' joker?

Van Pelt doesn't react; he withdraws gold coins and

tosses them on the counter. The Salesman's eyes light up. He picks one up. Bites it.

SALESMAN
Now yer talkin'.

EXT. BRANTFORD - MAIN STREET - PAWN SHOP - DAY

VAN PELT exits the pawnshop with the high-powered rifle. He smiles, revealing many gold teeth.

DOWN THE STREET - A POLICE CRUISER pulls onto Main St.

Van Pelt stows the rifle under his cape and ducks into THE ALLEY next to the pawn shop as --

OFFICER BENTLEY drives by, scanning the street in front of him, talking on his c.b. radio.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANTFORD RIVER - RIVERBANK BULLRUSHES - DAY

THE CAMERA MOVES headlong through REEDS and BULLRUSHES. TWO HANDS gently part the reeds before us, revealing --

THE PELICAN standing on a BIG FLAT ROCK in the river close to the riverbank. This is an enormous bird. The JUMANJI GAMEBOARD sits at his feet, precariously hanging over the rock's edge. The river swirls below!

ALAN, on his hands and knees in the bullrushes, watches the pelican. Alan creeps across the bank onto the big rock. He tip-toes across the rock to the pelican. The pelican suddenly turns. Glares at Alan.

EXT. IRON BRIDGE ABOVE THE RIVER - DAY

A low bridge, about 100 feet long, connecting the Parrish neighborhood to the town center. Alan and the pelican are below, upstream, 50 yards from the bridge.

PETER, JUDY and SARAH stand on the bridge watching Alan, whispering:

SARAH
How in the world is he going to...?

PETER
Watch. He can do anything.

EXT. BRANTFORD RIVER - RIVERBANK BULLRUSHES - DAY

Alan, on hands and knees, creeps forward.
His hand extends, slooooowly, toward the GAMEBOARD.

ALAN
Hey there, bud. You got something of mine. I want it back.

Just a foot away now. Now six inches.
Alan lunges for the board.
The pelican SNAPS at Alan's hand, nipping it.

Alan falls on his butt, grabbing his sore hand.
The pelican, a rather territorial fellow, gläres at him.

ALAN
You son-of-a....

EXT. IRON BRIDGE ABOVE RIVER - DAY

Sarah turns to Peter with a glum expression:

SARAH
You were saying?

She looks down at the river.

EXT. BRANTFORD RIVER - RIVERBANK - DAY

Alan is perched on the edge of the rock opposite the pelican, looking into THE WATER.

ALAN
Okay, let's try the barter system.

Alan pauses a second, then, like a Metabale Tribesman, thrusts his hands into the water. His hands emerge holding....A BIG FLAPPING FISH!

ON THE BRIDGE - SARAH, PETER and JUDY watch this feat with utter awe. Even SARAH, in CLOSE-UP is amazed, and she whispers to herself:

SARAH
My god...

ON THE ROCK - ALAN

turns to the pelican with the fish, dangling it in front of him. The pelican opens its mouth.

ALAN
Ya like that do you?

He tosses the fish across the rock.
The pelican LUNGES at it, swallowing it whole as --

ALAN grabs for the gameboard.
But it falls in the river! The current takes it quickly downstream, moving toward the iron bridge!

ALAN sprints across the face of the rock and leaps, in acrobatic succession, to FOUR OTHER ROCKS jutting up in the river, with each rock moving closer to the bridge.

Alan leaps from the last rock to the BRIDGE TRESTLE, clinging to the trestle with his hands.

He pulls his feet up, lodging them in the trestle, then hangs upside down over the rushing current as --

THE GAMEBOARD comes WHOOSHING by. Alan snags the gameboard out of the river and pulls himself up to the trestle. He climbs up to the bridge.

JUDY and PETER run over to Alan, CHEERING. They pat him on the back. Alan hands Peter the gameboard. Sarah stands off at a distance.

JUDY
That was great!

PETER
(to Sarah)
I told you he could do it!

Alan looks at Sarah. She smiles slightly.

SARAH
That was pretty impressive Alan.

CUT TO:

INT. NORA SHEPHERD'S STATION WAGON - DRIVING

Nora is driving along a treelined street toward Brantford, listening to the radio.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (v.o.)
...now an update on that news from Brantford Connecticut.

Nora looks at the radio; she turns up the volume.

RADIO NEWSCASTER (v.o.)
According to sources at Brantford Community Hospital, fifty-seven residents have been hospitalized with symptoms ranging from nausea and rashes to violent seizures. WKOR's Phyliss Matthews is at the hospital. Phyliss?

REPORTER PHYLISS MATTHEWS (v.o.)
Richard, at eleven o'clock this morning the hospital began receiving calls from Brantford residents with these symptoms.....

Nora stares at the radio with a worried expression.

CUT TO:

EXT. A SHADED KNOLL ABOVE THE IRON BRIDGE - DAY

Van Pelt looks down at the bridge.
Raises his new rifle. Looks through the scope.

VAN PELT POV - THROUGH TELESCOPIC SIGHT

We see Alan, Sarah and the kids on the bridge. THE CROSS HAIRS are locked on Alan's head. Before Van Pelt can squeeze off a shot, Alan moves behind a steel girder. The CROSS HAIRS fall upon Peter with the JUMANJI GAMEBOARD. We can read "Jumanji" on the board.

BACK TO SCENE - VAN PELT

lowers the rifle. Thinks. His eyes glint.
He turns to walk away. The SPIKE on his pith helmet hits a tree branch. The helmet falls to the ground.
Van Pelt snatches it up. Puts it back on.

EXT. IRON BRIDGE - DAY

Peter has the game open. He looks at his token. With his finger, he counts the number of spaces he'll need to reach the end. He thinks....hmm.

EXT. BRANTFORD - ACCESS ROAD TO IRON BRIDGE

The foursome is walking from the bridge.
Alan and Sarah in the lead, the kids following behind.

SARAH
I've never told anyone this, Alan. Well, except my shrink - all these years I knew you were alive. Somehow I knew I'd see you again.

ALAN
I never thought I'd see you - or anybody - again.
(beat)
Why are you still in Brantford? What'd you use to call it? Blandford?
(Sarah smiles, remembering)
Sarah, what's happened to you? I thought you were on your way to New York to become an actress?

SARAH
Oh I don't know....the night you went away everything changed. After

SARAH (cont'd)
the police and newspapers got through with me, you just can't imagine....

ALAN
You never got married?

SARAH
Nope. People just stayed away. "There goes Sarah Whittle, the kid who saw Alan Parrish murdered...."
(beat)
I couldn't tell anyone what happend. Everyone thought I was crazy. After a while I thought I was crazy. I was so alone.

ALAN
What do you do now?

SARAH
I'm a writer.

ALAN
(smiles)
Really? Novels?

SARAH
Encyclopedia articles.

ALAN
Oh.

A pause. They look at each other.

ALAN
I'm sorry Sarah.

SARAH
It's not your fault.

ALAN
I found the damn thing.
(beat)
Did you ever think about me?

SARAH
Every day for twenty-six years. Did you think of me?

Before Alan can answer....

JUDY (o.s.)
Peter, don't!

Alan and Sarah look over at --

DOWN THE STREET - PETER AND JUDY are kneeling over the game. Alan and Sarah run over to them.

ALAN
What happened?

JUDY
He tried to end the game.

ALAN
(to Peter)
You did what?

Peter nervously stares at his shoes.

JUDY
He didn't get a high enough roll so he tried to change the dice.

EVERYONE looks at THE BOARD - The following rhyme appears:

ALAN
A law of Jumanji having been broken;
You will slip back even more than your token.

PETER'S TOKEN moves backward to the beginning space.

BACK TO SCENE - ALAN glares at Peter.

ALAN
(biting)
That was really smart.

PETER
I...I'm sorry.

Peter walks away.
Alan grabs him by the shoulder and spins him around.

ALAN
You know how dangerous this thing is.

PETER
I said I'm sorry!

ALAN
Sorry's not good enough. If you were twenty years older I'd beat the living....

SARAH
He's not twenty years older. Leave him alone. He's just a kid.

ALAN
Well I'm sorry, Sarah, I wouldn't know what that's like. I didn't have time to be a kid.

Alan stalks off. Then:

JUDY (o.s.)
Your hand, Peter. Look at your hand.

Alan whirls around. Everyone is looking at Peter Peter holds up his hand. He holds up the other. Both are growing dark fur!

PETER
(trembling)
What's happening to me?

JUDY
(whispering)
It's the curse.

We *HEAR* an *ENGINE GUNNING*.
Everyone whirls around --

OFFICER BENTLEY'S POLICE CRUISER is approaching!

INT. BENTLEY'S POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Bentley at the wheel passes Alan and the others. He doubletakes. He slams on the brakes; throws the cruiser in reverse.

EXT. BRANTFORD - ACCESS ROAD TO IRON BRIDGE

The cruiser, tires SQUEALING, backs up at 20 m.p.h., moving back toward the foursome.

ALAN turns to Peter.

ALAN
Hide it.

Peter quickly grabs the gameboard and folds it up.

THE POLICE CRUISER lurches to a stop. BENTLEY gets out, radio in hand.

BENTLEY
I got him, chief. Right in front of me. Bring him in? Right, ten four, over and out.

He hangs up the receiver.
Warily approaches the foursome.

BENTLEY
You know these people, Miss Whittle?

SARAH
It's all right, Carl. They're my neighbors.

BENTLEY
(points at Alan)
What about him?

SARAH
Uhhmm...he's...

BENTLEY
Don't lie to me. I know something's going on.

Bentley stares at Sarah. She nervously stares back. Bentley approaches Alan.

BENTLEY
A whole lotta weirdness started about the time I saw you this morning.
(sternly)
Who are you? Don't give me any of this "Peace Corps" b.s. Show me some I.D.

A nervous pause.
Alan doesn't move.

BENTLEY
You're gonna have to come down to the station for some questioning.

Another nervous pause.
And Alan sprints off!
A GUNSHOT splits the air, then:

BENTLEY (o.s.)
FREEZE!

BENTLEY, gun drawn, approaches Alan.

BENTLEY
Turn around. Hands on the car, feet spread.

Bentley shoves Alan against his cruiser.
Frisks him. Cuffs him.

Bentley shoves Alan into the cruiser, saying to Sarah, Judy and Peter:

BENTLEY
Don't you go anywhere - I'm gonna want some answers from you.

As Alan disappears into the cruiser, he worriedly looks at SARAH, JUDY and PETER.

The cruiser roars off, heading back to town.

PETER
What do we do now?

Sarah watches the cruiser drive off. Thinks.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANTFORD OUTSKIRTS - ROAD

A stone wall has been smashed; it has fallen in the road. A car sits in the middle of the road, its top caved in. It looks like a freight train plowed through the area.

There's a commotion, lot's of activity; flashing lights and parked vehicles; men hurrying around. A police cruiser and firetruck block the road.

Nora Shepherd's station wagon pulls up. Nora rolls down her window and shouts at --

Brantford Police Chief GARNETT walking by with TWO FIREMEN. Nora calls to him:

NORA
Officer!
*(Garnett approaches)*
What's going on?

CHIEF GARNETT
Sorry maam, this road's closed. You'll have to find some other way through.

Chief Garnett walks off with the firemen. Nora, perturbed, backs her car around and heads the opposite direction.

CUT TO:

INT. BENTLEY'S CRUISER - DRIVING

Bentley drives. Alan, handcuffed next to Bentley, looks out the window at the passing buildings.

ALAN
The town's sure changed.

BENTLEY
How would you know?

ALAN
I grew up here.

BENTLEY
The hell you did. I've lived here all my life - know everybody - I've never seen your mug before.

ALAN
Yes you have, Carl.

BENTLEY
(unnerved)
How do you know my name?

ALAN
You worked at Parrish Shoes.

BENTLEY
Right....

ALAN
On the stamping line.

BENTLEY
Yeah, 'till old man Parrish fired me.

ALAN
What? He did?

BENTLEY
His kid wrecked a machine. Like an idiot I took the blame. He fired me on the spot.

Alan looks out the window, then at Bentley.

ALAN
Well, if it's any consolation, I apologize.

BENTLEY
For what?

ALAN
For getting you fired....
(beat)
...Sole Man.

Bentley looks in the rear view mirror, studying Alan's face. His eyes widen; he sharply inhales.

It hits him like a hammer.

EXT. BRANTFORD - STREET

Bentley's cruiser SCREECHES to a stop, fishtailing.

CUT TO:

A TELESCOPIC SIGHT - through which we see --

EXT. BRANTFORD TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Judy, Sarah, and Peter walking along. The crosshairs jump back and forth as Van Pelt searches for Alan. Again the crosshairs fall on --

THE JUMANJI GAMEBOARD in Judy's hands.

EXT. CHURCH BELL TOWER - DAY

The bell tower six stories above the town square.

Van Pelt lowers the gun. Thinks. As he turns away, the SPIKE on his pith helmet hits the lip of the CHURCH BELL. The helmet falls to the floor.

Annoyed, Van Pelt picks up the helmet.

VAN PELT
Blasted thing.

He puts the helmet back on and cinches the chin strap tightly, doubling the cinch-knot. The helmet secure, he continues into the stairwell.

EXT. BRANTFORD TOWN SQUARE - REESTABLISHING - DAY

The consequences of the Jumanji game are in full bloom. The place is a disaster.

Sarah, Judy and Peter walk down the street, nervously looking around. It is chaos.

-- Stores have been pillaged by monkeys and/or people.
-- CARS are parked helter skelter, some in the middle of the street, some on the sidewalk.
-- an AMBULANCE races past.
-- A MAN lurches down the sidewalk, face flushed, sweating, clearly diseased.
-- We HEAR MONKEY CHATTERING in the windows of a store above, then merchandise comes flying out.

A MOTORCYCLE ZOOMS past. It's driven by FIVE MONKEYS. The motorcycle is followed by --

A deep RUMBLE. We've heard it before.

Sarah and the kids freeze. Look down the street.

Their eyes bug out in terror and they dive inside a storefront as --

THE ELEPHANT, ZEBRA AND RHINOCEROUS HERD stampedes pell mell down the center of the street. Elephants fling cars aside like toys.

Finally it passes.
Sarah and the kids emerge from the storefront.
They continue down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANTFORD OUTSKIRTS - STREET BEFORE COVERED BRIDGE

Nora Shepherd's station wagon approaches at high speed an old New England covered bridge.

INT. NORA'S STATION WAGON

Nora drives inside the bridge. Suddenly --

THE SILHOUETTE OF A HUGE BULL ELEPHANT fills the bridge in front of her.

NORA stomps on the brakes and whips the wheel. The car fishtails and SMASHES into the side of the bridge, splintering the wooden sides and --

EXT. COVERED BRIDGE

-- exploding through the wall of the bridge and diving into the Brantford River. The car slowly submerges.

Seconds pass.

Nora bobs to the surface. She swims to shore. Gets out on the bank. Looks up at the bridge. We hear the elephant trumpeting inside the bridge.

Nora, dazed and confused, scrambles up the bank and jogs down the road.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANTFORD TOWN SQUARE - AUTOMATED TELLER

Sarah is punching in her code at an AN AUTOMATED TELLER MACHINE. Judy and Peter stand behind her.

SARAH
Five hundred dollars should bail him out.

Judy SCREAMS.
SARAH whirls around, and standing before them is --

The hunter Van Pelt!

Peter quickly tries to hide the gameboard behind his back; Van Pelt yanks it from him,

Sarah and the kids watch nervously as --

VAN PELT looks at the gameboard. He finds it very interesting and we see why....

INSERT - THE GAMEBOARD - the great white hunter depicted on the exterior cover of the board is Van Pelt!

VAN PELT looks up, eyes glinting.
Then he whirls and stalks off, the gameboard in one hand, his rifle in the other!

JUDY
What do we do now?

In agony, Sarah and the kids watch Van Pelt walk off --

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANTFORD - STREET

Alan (his hands now uncuffed) and Bentley lean against Bentley's cruiser. Bentley's laughing, shaking his head. He can't get over it....

BENTLEY
I don't believe this, I do not believe this. So if you didn't get kidnapped, what did happen?

ALAN
I guess you could say I got lost.

BENTLEY
Shoot, Alan, the town hasn't been the same since you left.

ALAN
Couldn't have been that big a deal.

BENTLEY
Are you kidding? Look around man, the place is falling apart.

ALAN
I caused that?

BENTLEY
Maybe not directly. But the day you disappeared your dad, well, he just seemed to lose interest. Stopped coming to work. Started drinking.

BENTLEY (cont'd)
Your mother too. The factory went down the tubes, I don't know if you've seen it yet...
(Alan nods)
You were everything to them, man.

Alan's brow knits. His expression turns sad. This has taken him by surprise. A pause. Bentley's CAR RADIO BEEPS. Bentley turns.

BENTLEY
We got an epidemic, wild animals running around, and now Alan Parrish comes back to town. What a day. 'Scuse me.

Bentley turns and leans inside his car. Alan looks at BENTLEY'S HANDCUFFS clipped to his belt.

BENTLEY
Ten-four, this is Bentley. Chief, you're not gonna believe this....

Suddenly ALAN'S HAND thrusts inside the window and YANKS the keys from the ignition.

BENTLEY
Hey...!!

Bentley, startled, turns and --

CLICK a handcuff locks on Bentley's wrist and CLICK the other cuff locks on the FRAME OF THE CAR DOOR.

BENTLEY
WHAT THE HELL YOU DOIN?'

ALAN stands there, smiling.

ALAN
Carl, I can't explain now but this is for your own good.

ALAN tosses Bentley's keys across the road, turns, and sprints down the street, leaving --

BENTLEY locked to his car door, SCREAMING --

BENTLEY
DAMN YOU ALAN, GET BACK HERE!!

Bentley reaches inside, grabbing his c.b. transmittor. Clicks it on.

BENTLEY
This is car twelve, Bentley, over!
(beat)
Come in, over!

We HEAR JUMANJI MONKEYS CHATTERING on the other end. Bentley stares at the c.b. transmittor.

INT. BRANTFORD MAIN STREET - HARDWARE STORE - DAY

The place is trashed.
Van Pelt strides in and walks to the counter.

With a violent sweep of his hand, he clears the counter. Sets the gameboard down. Looks at it. Picks up a screwdriver. Pokes at it.

He unclasps the box. Opens it. Stares at it. Frowns.

EXT. BRANTFORD MAIN STREET - HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Sarah and the kids, crouched behind the window display (the window is smashed), peer inside the hardware store, whispering to each other.

JUDY
Does he know what it is?

SARAH
I don't think so. We've got to distract him...

PETER
Yeah! Create a diversion! Like in the movies!

Next to the hardware store is a LADY'S BOUTIQUE. Judy looks at Sarah, then the boutique.

JUDY
Sarah, there's only one thing to do.

Judy beckons Sarah toward the boutique.

INT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Van Pelt is now looking at THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE GAMEBOARD. He reads them aloud.

VAN PELT
(reading to himself)
"...do not begin unless you intend to finish. The exciting consequences of the game will vanish....

VAN PELT (cont'd)
(looks up, concerned)
...only when a player has reached Jumanji and called out its name...."
(looks up again)
Bloody hell.

Van Pelt looks at his likeness on the cover. He looks over at --

AGAINST THE WALL is a shelf stacked with cans of KEROSENE and CHARCOAL LIGHTER.

Van Pelt thinks. He knows now what to do. He grins evilly. Walks over to the kerosene.

INT. WOMEN'S BOUTIQUE - DAY

CLOSE- UP of SARAH'S EYE as an EYELINER traces a line under it and WIDEN TO --

JUDY, seated before Sarah, applying the make-up.

Sarah has transformed. Her eyeglasses are history. She wears red lipstick. Her hair falls about her shoulders.

**SARAH**
Now for the final touch.

She unbuttons the top two buttons of her dress.

**SARAH**
What do you think?

Judy and Peter study Sarah.

**JUDY**
Ya know, Sarah, you've got a nice figure.

**SARAH**
I do?

**JUDY**
(nods)
Three more.

Sarah uncertainly unbuttons three more buttons, exposing her surprisingly stupendous cleavage! Then Judy bends down and rips off a two foot swath of Sarah's dress, making it into a miniskirt!

Sarah no longer looks like Marian the Librarian. She is exotically, wonderfully, beautiful.

**PETER**
Yeah. That's better.

INT. HARDWARE STORE

The boardgame sits on the floor.
Van Pelt is dousing it with kerosene.
He grabs an EMERGENCY CAR FLARE, pulls it apart, yanking off the flint.

Just as he's about to ignite the car flare....

SARAH (o.s.)
Oh Mr. Van Pelt....

Van Pelt, startled, looks over at --

SARAH WHITTLE in the threshold, leaning seductively against the door, newly glamorized.

VAN PELT raises an eyebrow.

Sarah approaches Van Pelt, putting extra sway into her hips as she walks. She purrs.

SARAH
Tell me - are all men from Jumanji as handsome as you?

VAN PELT
Go away woman. You're not getting it back.

SARAH
Getting what back?
(looks at the board)
Oh, that? I don't want that, I want you.
(sidles up next to him)
What's the matter, handsome, don't you like girls?

VAN PELT
I've had my share.

SARAH
I bet you have. You don't know how long I've been waiting for a man like you. With all the wimps around here....

She looks over Van Pelt's shoulder at THE GAMEBOARD on the floor and JUDY outside the shop, waiting for a chance to snatch the board. Sarah feels Van Pelt's arms.

SARAH
Oh my my my feel that...

She turns Van Pelt, so his back faces the board.
JUDY creeps inside the store, going for it.

Van Pelt turns around. Judy jumps back outside.

Sarah runs her hand across Van Pelt's shoulders.

SARAH
I'm Sarah. What's your name?

VAN PELT
Magnus.

SARAH
Oooh. Magnus. I like that.

She turns Van Pelt again.
Judy creeps in, then jumps back out as Van Pelt turns.

SARAH
Magnus, why don't we go back there,
where we can be more....
(winks)
...comfortable.

VAN PELT
I'm comfortable right here.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANTFORD - MAIN STREET - DAY

Peter and Judy are crouched outside the store.
They hear FOOTSTEPS and turn to see ---

-- *ALAN running up to them, out of breath.*

ALAN
Where's Sarah?

JUDY
(puts finger to lips)
SHHH.
(whispers)
She's in there with that Van Pelt
guy.

ALAN (whispers)
Doing what?

PETER (whispers)
Creating a diversion.

Alan, perturbed, looks inside the store.

EXT. HARDWARE STORE - DAY

Sarah, frustrated, takes another route.

SARAH
Go on and kiss me you big handsome brute.

Sarah kisses Van Pelt. He gruffly takes her in his arms and kisses her back. And suddenly....

ALAN (o.s.)
Sarah?

SARAH, startled in mid kiss, opens her eyes.

ALAN stands in the threshold, blinking. He can't believe it. Sarah is heartstoppingly beautiful.

Van Pelt throws Sarah aside and goes for his gun. Alan rushes Van Pelt, knocking the gun from his hands. It CLATTERS to the floor.

Alan and Van Pelt go at it.
A brutal fistfight rages through the hardware store.

The fight knocks over the KEROSENE CAN, spilling a large puddle on the floor.

Van Pelt knocks Alan down, dazing him.
Alan lies in the pool of kerosene, shaking his head.

Van Pelt grabs the EMERGENCY FLARE and prepares to strike it and send Alan up in flames.

Alan grabs a shovel (the floor is covered with tools from the fight) and whacks Van Pelt's legs, flooring him. The Emergency flare scuttles across the floor.

Both men get to their feet.
Alan punchs Van Pelt so hard that Van Pelt falls backward, landing on a ROLLING DISPLAY CART of garden seeds.

THE CART rolls down the aisle, ramming Van Pelt's head into the kerosene shelves.

Van Pelt gets to his feet with a KEROSENE CAN stuck to the spike on his pith helmet. Kerosene begins soaking the linen shell of the helmet.

Van Pelt grabs up the emergency flare.

ALAN AND SARAH are standing in the pool of kerosene.
A tense pause. Alan throws up his hand.

ALAN
Van Pelt. There is a can of kerosene on your head. Put the flare down.

Van Pelt just smiles. Begins to ignite the flare.

ALAN
Do not light that!

Van Pelt strikes the flare. It ignites. Van Pelt cocks his wrist to throw the flare; the flame leaps from it to the kerosene can stuck to his head!

A PLUME OF FLAME bursts skyward from Van Pelt's pith helmet! He struggles with the chin strap. He can't get the bloody thing off!

EXT. BRANTFORD MAIN STREET

Van Pelt bolts from the store, a human roman candle. He charges headlong down the street, his pith helmet ablaze, pulling at the chin-strap buckle.

VAN PELT
ARRRGGGGHHHH!

Sarah and Alan dash out with the gameboard. Judy stands on the sidewalk. Peter is gone.

ALAN
Come on!

SARAH
Wait!
(looks around)
Where's Peter?

JUDY
Up there.

Alan and Sarah follow Judy's gaze to A TREE in front of the store. PETER sits in the limbs.

PETER'S FACE is covered with hair; his head is simian-shaped. The game's curse has worked. Peter has become a monkey!

SARAH
Oh my god.....

And Peter, almost in tears, says in a very small voice:

PETER
Is this gonna go away?

Alan, Sarah and Judy look at each other.

ALAN
When we finish the game. C'mon.

Peter hops down and --

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANTFORD - STREET - DAY

Nora, wet and bedraggled, walks down the street, nervously looking around.

It's just beginning to get dark; in the surrounding woods JUNGLE SOUNDS create an unsettling atmosphere. She rounds a corner and sees --

IN THE ROAD AHEAD - BENTLEY is locked to the door of his cruiser, rattling the handcuffs, cursing.

NORA runs up to him.

BENTLEY
My keys! Over there!

Nora runs across the road to Bentley's keys. As she picks them up and begins to return to Bentley --

SEVERAL VINE TENDRILS come out of the woods and grab for her ankle, just missing.

NORA runs up to Bentley and hands him the keys; he unlocks himself.

BENTLEY
Thank-you. What's your name, maam?

NORA
Nora Shepherd.

BENTLEY
Where do you live, Mrs. Shepherd?

ACROSS THE STREET - THE VINE TENDRILS snake across the street and now we see that they are the mere ends of AN ENORMOUS VINE STALK as thick as a telephone pole.

NORA
Blair Street. The old Parrish place?

Bentley's ears prick up instantly.

BENTLEY
You got kids? A boy and girl about eight and twelve?

NORA
Yes.
(alarmed)
Why?

BENTLEY
I'll tell you on the way. Get in!

Bentley gets in the cruiser; Nora runs around to the passenger side and SCREAMS --

INSIDE BENTLEY'S CRUISER - BENTLEY looks up as --

THE HUGE VINE STALK lunges through the window.

BENTLEY dives out of the cruiser and rolls away as --

The vine stalk drags the cruiser sideways across the road. It disappears into the foliage as if it's been eaten. NORA AND BENTLEY look at each other, gulping.

They walk off down the road without a word and --

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANTFORD - STREET - DAY

Alan, Sarah, Peter and Judy approach the Parrish Home.

ALAN is looking SARAH over; specifically, her dress and stockings; she looks unbelievably desirable.

ALAN and SARAH lock eyes. Alan, up to this point, has not looked upon Sarah in a romantic way.

**SARAH**
**(self-consciously)**
**What?**

**ALAN**
**Nice dress. Should we keep playing or do you want to go back to your boyfriend?**

**SARAH**
**Would you like to rephrase that?**

**ALAN**
**You kissed him. I can't believe you kissed Van Pelt. I mean Sarah, c'mon, are you that desperate?**

**SARAH**
**(outraged)**
**What? You think I liked it?**

ALAN
Sure looked that way to me.

JUDY
Alan, she did it to get the game.
(beat)
God, it sounds like you're jealous.

ALAN
Jealous? Of her and Van Pelt?
(outraged)
You think I'm jealous of Sarah and Van Pelt?

PETER
I would be.
(to Sarah)
She's beau-ti-ful.

SARAH
(blushing)
Thank you, Peter.

ALAN
Jealous? Who're you kidding....
(he walks off)
Give me a break....

Alan stalks off, ahead of the group.
Peter runs to catch up with Alan.
Sarah and Judy are twenty paces behind.

PETER
Hey Alan? I'm sorry I cheated.

Alan doesn't respond.

PETER
My dad was like you - adventurous - and he knew all sorts of people.
(stops himself)
Maybe I shouldn't say this...
(beat)
You remind me of my dad.

Alan stops. He turns to Peter.

ALAN
Peter, I'm not your dad. I don't know anything about being a dad. I didn't even know anything about being a son.

Alan walks ahead, leaving Peter standing there.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARRISH HOME - FRONT LAWN

The foursome walks up the walkway.
Alan opens the front door, followed by the others.

INT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

They enter and freeze, staring in awe.

SARAH
Oh my God.

REVERSE ANGLE - THE PARRISH HOME INTERIOR - the walls are thick with vine. The CRYSTAL CHANDELIER in the foyer casts light through leaves, creating a dappled effect on the floor. JUNGLE SOUNDS echo; animal calls, screeching and purring and growling. The echos create a vast sense of space in the room.

EVERYONE stares at the room, very unnerved.

CUT TO:

THE GAMEBOARD opening on the coffee table and WIDEN TO -

INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The four players around the coffee table. The game is about to resume. We PAN from face to face.

SARAH. JUDY. ALAN. PETER. (he's a monkey)

Peter picks up the dice.

PETER
Who's turn?

SARAH
Mine.

Sarah grabs the dice from Peter.
She sees Alan staring at her legs.
She pulls her dress down.

Judy and Peter smile.

Sarah tosses the dice. Her piece moves.
She reads her rhyme.

SARAH
Every month at the quarter moon;
There is a monsoon in your lagoon.

JUDY
Monsoon? Good thing we're inside.

Miraculously (because we're indoors), there is FLASH OF LIGHTNING and THUNDER overhead. The most torrential rain storm ever filmed falls in the living room. A monsoon. A biblical deluge. Visibility is five feet.

The room is instantly flooded with a foot of water.

The water is rising impossibly fast.
The storm is so violent the characters must SHOUT.
(They will continue to do so until the rain stops.)

SARAH
WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

ALAN
UPSTAIRS!

Alan, Peter, Judy and Sarah run through three feet of water now into the foyer, heading for the staircase, where they encounter --

TORRENTS OF WATER cascading down the staircase, from the mezzanine above. It is terrifying, like a flash flood. They try to climb the stairs but the water flow is too powerful. They get pushed back.

The water's now neck deep. Judy and Peter are treading water. Alan looks around, thinking fast.
He sees THE HUGE CRYSTAL CHANDELIER in the foyer.

ALAN
COME ON!

But SARAH'S looking down the hallway, apoplectic.

SARAH
ALAN!!

Alan and the others turn to see --

TWO 25 FOOT CROCODILES, as big and as terrifying as great white sharks, paddling down the hallway toward the living room.

ALAN
SWIM!!

The house now resembles a JUNGLE LAGOON. Overhead, THUNDER RUMBLES and LIGHTNING CRACKS. PIECES OF FURNITURE float past.

THE FOURSOME swims to the chandelier with --

THE CROCODILES hot on their tails.

The foursome reaches the DINING ROOM TABLE floating like

a raft beneath the chandelier. ALAN gets there first, pulling himself up. He helps the others up.

The crocodiles emerge from the water next to the table. Judy sees them and recoils:

JUDY
AHHHHH!

The CROCKS lunge, SNAPPING at the foursome's feet, then falling back in the water.

The water continues to rise!
Alan makes a "stirrup" with his hands.

ALAN
CLIMB!

Alan hoists Judy, then Peter into the "limbs" of the chandelier. Judy has the gameboard.

The water continues to rise.
The CROCODILES circle, licking their chops.

The chandelier is swinging and spinning with the shifting weight of Judy and Peter.

Suddenly A CROCODILE dives up and lands, WHUMP, on the other end of the sideboard, raising Sarah's and Alan's end like a teeter-totter. The table SMASHES into the chandelier, rocking it.

PETER loses his grip and falls in the water!

PETER
AHHH! HELP!

SARAH slides down the table (it is inclined about 30 degrees) toward the crocodile. Her feet slam against the crocodile's snout, a foot on one jaw, a foot on the other.

ALAN reaches down and grabs Peter by the tail, pulling him up as PETER'S HEAD is pulled SNAP!!! out of A CROCODILE'S JAWS.

SARAH looks around frantically. The Crocodile opens and shuts his mouth, scissoring Sarah's legs open and shut. Sarah SCREAMS!

Suddenly ALAN explodes into frame, grabbing the crocodile bodily, rolling with it into the turgid water.

Alan and the crocodile wrestle, thrashing about in the water in an intense fight to the death....

ABOVE - SARAH AND THE KIDS look down on Alan's predicament in horror.

SARAH
ALAN!!!

EXT. PARRISH HOME - DUSK

Nora and Bentley approach the house.
They hear SCREAMING within.

As they draw closer, they see a STREAM OF WATER coming from under the door. Bentley draws his gun.

BENTLEY
Let me handle this, ma'am.

Bentley grips the doorknob and turns it.
A WALL OF WATER containing HALF THE FURNITURE comes flushing out the door.

BENTLEY AND NORA are blown off the stoop and flushed into the street.

CUT TO:

INT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

It's like somebody let the cork out of a bathtub.

Alan and the crocodile are swimming against the tidal pull of the flushing water, like they're swimming in place. The crocodile flushes out the door.

Alan grabs the side of the doorway and hangs on as the water and furniture and everything else in the bloody place flushes out into the street.

He gets up quickly and hops up onto the table.
He helps down Judy and Peter.

Next comes Sarah. She slides down into Alan's arms.
They stand there on the table. Their faces are close.

SARAH
You...you would have died for me.

They stare into each others eyes.
The moment is charged.
Then Alan breaks away and hops down.

ALAN
Come on!

They dash for the stairs. Judy still has the gameboard.

INT. PARRISH HOME - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

The foursome sprints up the stairs.
Alan leads them down the corridor.

SARAH
Where are we going!?

ALAN
The music room!

Alan opens the music room door and they pile inside.

INT. PARRISH HOME - MUSIC ROOM

Like the other rooms, grand and imposing. Instruments on the walls. A bookcase of sheet music. A coffee table and chairs, a loveseat, and a big sofa.

An ENORMOUS GRAND PIANO in the corner.
The foursome sits in chairs around the coffee table.
They're all business now. No one speaks.

Alan rolls. His piece slides forward; he reads:

SARAH
"Nature plays a little trick, the sand you're on is very quick."

Alan's chair instantly sinks.

ALAN
Get away! Quicksand!

Sarah grabs the dice, Peter grabs the game board.
Everyone dives from their seats and tumbles away as -

THE FLOOR BENEATH ALAN becomes a churning POOL OF QUICKSAND. It enlarges. Then more and more until the entire middle of the living room is oozing sand.

With Alan in its center!
Alan frantically clings to a chair, then a coffee table.
He's engulfed in sand, and going down fast.

Sarah, Judy and Peter watch in horror.
They are frozen, paralyzed with fear.

PETER
What should we do? What should we do?

ALAN
Sarah, think of something....

SARAH
(panicking)
I don't know...

ALAN is now chest deep....

ALAN
Somebody think of something....

Everybody looks around frantically.
Sarah sees a MUSIC STAND in the corner.

SARAH
I know!

She runs to the music stand, grabs it, and races back to Alan. She extends the legs to Alan. Peter and Sarah grab the music rack side and pull. The music stand is telescopic and it pulls apart.

ALAN sinks deeper!

Now PETER gets an idea. He runs to the wall and pulls down A TROMBONE. He runs back to Alan. The coffee table has sunk beneath him. Alan's neck deep now.

PETER
Here Alan, grab onto this!

PETER extends the slide of the trombone to ALAN, who clutches it. Sarah and Peter grab the MOUTHPIECE end.

SARAH
Ready? Pull!!!

They heave ho and the trombone pulls apart. Sarah and Peter collapse against the wall and --

-- ALAN sinks even deeper!

ALAN
You boneheads! Stop giving me things that come apart!

SARAH sees a CURTAIN CORD running up the wall. She pulls it down and throws one end to Alan.

Sarah and Peter grab hold of the other end and PULL. *It's no use. Alan continues to sink.*

JUDY, meanwhile, is kneeling next to the board. She makes a quick decision. She picks up the dice and throws them. Her piece moves. Her rhyme appears. She begins mouthing the rhyme.

JUDY
"Is there no thing one thing that learn you....
(stops; closes her eyes, concentrating; she tries again)
"There is...one thing...that...you will learn....

The quicksand's about to take Alan.
Sarah lies down, reaching up to the elbows in the sand, trying to pull Alan out.

JUDY
...Sometimes....go you." No.
"Sometimes you go...back a turn!

ALAN (in the sand) and SARAH and PETER now hear Judy. They look at her as she shouts triumphantly --

JUDY
"There is one thing that you will learn; sometimes you go back a turn!"

JUDY'S PIECE MOVES BACKWARD and --

THE POOL OF QUICKSAND is instantly transformed back to floorboards and carpet, restoring everything the way it was, except for --

-- ALAN and SARAH. Alan's head, and Sarah's forearms remain trapped in the floorboards and rug in the same position as when the quicksand was there.

It now looks like the floor has swallowed Alan - his head is tilted back so only the front half of his face (eyes, ears, nose, etc.) is showing above the rug, as well as his two outstretched forearms and hands. He can move his hands. Sarah's hands are trapped, her butt sticking up in the air. Their faces are inches apart.

Everyone kneels around Alan's head.
Alan says, with forced calm, to Judy:

ALAN
I thought you couldn't read.

JUDY
I never had to.
(smiles)
Until now.

ALAN
Sarah and I would like to get out of the floor now. I believe it is Peter's turn.

Peter fetches the gameboard and dice. Sarah and Alan are almost kissing.

SARAH
You never answered my question.

ALAN
What?

SARAH
Did you think of me?

ALAN
Every day for twenty-six years.

They exchange a tense smile.

Peter rolls. His piece moves. Peter reads:

PETER
"They march and eat and march and eat; if I were you I'd watch my feet."

We HEAR a BZZZZ and suddenly --

IN THE CORNERS OF THE ROOM - SWATHS OF ORIENTAL RUG disappear in the wake of a teeming, swarming MASS OF ARMY ANTS. Fifty thousand ants, in a ring, converge on Alan and Sarah in the middle of the room, eating everything in their wake!

The ants reach the sofa and tear into it.... BZZZZZZ....and the sofa begins to disappear. The ants begin eating their way across the room!

Judy's and Peter's eyes bug out. Sarah is quivering. ALAN'S HEAD watches the ants approach.

ALAN
You gotta be kidding me....
(snaps out of it; frantically now)
They like wood! Give 'em furniture!

Peter and Judy drag furniture across the rug in front of the ant's path.

EXT. PARRISH HOME - DUSK

Nora, stunned and bedraggled, approaches the house again.

INT. PARRISH HOME - MUSIC ROOM

BZZZZZZ - the coffee table begins to slowly sink to the floor as the ants tear into the legs!

Alan stares at the shrinking coffee table in terror.

ALAN
*My dad had an axe in the woodshed out back. Get it and chop me out of here!*

PETER
I'll get it!

PETER races for the staircase while --

JUDY drags an OTTOMAN LOVESEAT in front of the ant's path. BZZZZZZZ.....

INT. STAIRCASE/FOYER - PETER

comes racing down the stairs. He turns the corner and runs down the hallway toward the back door.

CAMERA PANS from PETER exiting the shot to --

NORA entering, looking around in horror at the carnage. She walks to the living room. Looks up at --

ALAN'S LEGS and SARAH'S HANDS stuck through the ceiling, dangling in the middle of the living room. She hears SCREAMING above. She goes upstairs.

EXT. PARRISH HOME - BACK YARD

Peter runs up to the woodshed. The door is PADLOCKED. He looks in the window. He looks around, panicking.

He sees a RUSTY AXE leaning against the side of the shed. He grabs it and begins CHOPPING at the padlock, so he can get into the shed, so he can get the.....

He suddenly stops. Looks at the axe.
He looks directly INTO CAMERA.

He runs inside with the axe.

INT. PARRISH HOME - 2ND FLOOR CORRIDOR

Nora comes down the hall. She still hears SCREAMING and COMMOTION. She goes to the end of the hall. She chooses her bedroom. She opens the door to see --

INT. PARRISH HOME - MASTER BEDROOM

THE LION, snoozing on NORA'S BED, wakes up and sees --

NORA OUTSIDE THE ROOM.

THE LION smiles. The he ROOOAAARRS and bares its teeth. Nora SLAMS the master bedroom door just in time as the

lion springs at her. Nora turns, coming face-to-face with --

PETER, who comes up the stairs with the axe.
And he looks like a monkey!
Peter approaches her.
Nora, terrified, backs up from this axe-wielding monkey!

PETER
Hi mom. It's me, Peter. Can't talk right now. See ya.

Peter races inside the music room as --

NORA SCREAMS and backs away, whirling, coming face-to-face with a POISONOUS VIOLET VINE.

CUT TO:

INT. PARRISH HOME - MUSIC ROOM

PETER enters with the axe.

JUDY'S rolling the GRAND PIANO into the path of the oncoming ants, which instantly rip into it, BZZZZZZ. The piano begins to slowly lower....

JUDY grabs the axe from Peter.
She begins to furiously CHOP the rug and floorboards around Sarah's hands.

One hand is freed. Then the other. Sarah pulls her hands out and grabs the axe from Judy.

Sarah begins to CHOP the rug and floorboards around ALAN'S HEAD. Alan closes his eyes, flinching.

ALAN
Uhh...be careful with that Sarah....

THE ARMY ANTS are five feet away, moving through the grand piano, BZZZZZ, like a chainsaw....

SARAH is chopping furiously. She chops through the rug and floorboards on one side of Alan's head. She chops through the rug and floorboards on the other side.

Wood is flying everywhere.
Suddenly Alan's hands wriggle free from the splintered floorboards! And now he can move his neck!

THE ANTS are finished with the grand piano - the only things uneaten are the pedals and the piano wire! And on the ants come, swarming for Alan's head!

ALAN wriggles free and pulls himself up as the ants swarm around the hole in which he was trapped.

Alan, Sarah and the kids run from the music room into --

INT. 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

They come out, running right into NORA SHEPHERD, who lies unconscious on the floor. HER NECK is stuck with POISON BARBS. Her face is flushed with poison.

The POISONOUS VIOLET hovers over her menacingly.

ALAN
Who is <u>that</u>?

JUDY
My mother!

Alan sees his BONE-HANDLED KNIFE still stuck in the floor (where he through it to escape the lion). He grabs and throws. SPROING!! it impales the violet against the wall. The violet droops and dies.

Alan picks up Nora and runs for the stairs.

ALAN
The attic! Come on!

CUT TO:

INT. PARRISH HOME - ATTIC

They enter.
Alan lays Nora Shepherd on the floor.
Peter sets down the gameboard.
Peter and Judy kneel over their mother. Judy panics.

JUDY
Alan, she's dying!

ALAN
Don't worry! We can end the game!
Look!

INSERT - THE GAMEBOARD - the four TOKENS are grouped near "JUMANJI." Two are closer than the others.

BACK TO SCENE

ALAN
Sarah and Judy are close but I'm closest. Sarah needs a....one two three four...
(counts spaces)
...nine or higher. Judy needs a...seven or better.
(beat)
All I need is a five.

ALAN (cont'd)
(grabs dice; hands them to Sarah)
Roll.

Sarah rolls.
They tumble to a stop. Her piece moves; her rhyme appears. Peter reads:

PETER
"Now you have a lot at stake;
It might get worse, here comes a quake."

Nothing happens at first. No sound, no movement.
Slowly the walls begin to RATTLE.
Then the walls SHAKE.
From the very depths of the earth, we HEAR the deepest, most unsettling, bonecrunching RUMBLE we've ever heard.

The floor begins to roll and shake. Judy and Peter try to stand but the earthquake throws them to the floor. Now it happens all at once --

THE ATTIC FLOORBOARDS begin to separate as --

*EXT. PARRISH HOME - LONG SHOT*

THE PARRISH HOME literally splits in two sections along the earthquake's fault line. We can see a cross section of the house, with all the jungle phenomenon on each floor!

INT. PARRISH HOME - ATTIC

Alan grabs the dice. He grabs for the gameboard but --

THE GAMEBOARD falls between the sections of house and lands, precariously, between two severed floorboards.

JUDY
What are we going to do now?

PETER
Alan, you can end the game on your next roll. That's her only chance!

But they don't have the damn gameboard!
Alan pockets the dice.

He stands on the lip of the cratered attic floor. Below is a crevice which seemingly extends to the center of the earth. Alan looks down. The first floor is fifty feet down, a dizzying drop.

Alan runs to the SPIRAL STAIRCASE. He slides on the banister pole, spiraling around and around until he

comes to a point where the banister is severed. Alan leaps from the banister to --

A HANGING VINE. He SWINGS down into the crevice between the two sections of house, SNAPPING off jagging pieces of floorboard as he swings.

He swings past the gameboard, SNATCHING it, and jumps from the vine, landing --

EXT. PARRISH HOME - LIVING ROOM

-- in the center of the living room.

Alan sets the boardgame on the floor and pulls the dice from his pocket. He calls upstairs.

ALAN
Hang on, I'm almost there! I can end the game with my next roll!

He's about to toss the dice when suddenly....

VAN PELT (o.s.)
DON'T MOVE.

Alan whirls around. Across the living room comes --

VAN PELT, his pith helmet burned and scorched. Only the ribs of the helmet remain. He trains his rifle on Alan. Van Pelt cannot see from this vantage point the GAMEBOARD on the floor behind the couch.

He crosses the room. Gun leveled at Alan's head.

VAN PELT
What is in your hand?

ALAN
Nothing.

VAN PELT
Drop it.

Alan's clenched fist is directly over the gameboard.

SARAH (o.s.)
You'd better do what he says.

SARAH clambers down from the broken staircase.

ALAN opens his fist.

THE DICE fall from his hand.
One die falls onto THE GAMEBOARD, landing "3."

THE OTHER die hits the edge of the gameboard, bounces,

scuttles across the floor and rolls into the earthquake crevice, landing on its edge on a small ledge below.

ALAN and SARAH stare, wide-eyed at the die in the crevice! And Van Pelt cocks his gun!

VAN PELT
Now I have you.

THE DIE ON THE LEDGE begins to wobble.

VAN PELT'S FINGER moves to the trigger.

VAN PELT
You will not escape me now.
(cocks gun)
Thanks for the hunt.

VAN PELT'S FINGER begins to squeeze the trigger as --

-- THE DIE IN THE CREVICE finally rolls over, landing "2." ALAN'S TOKEN, *in CLOSE-UP (it is huge), advances* onto the "JUMANJI" SQUARE.

Alan yells --

ALAN
Jumanji!

-- as VAN PELT pulls the trigger.

SARAH
NOOO!

Sarah steps in front of Alan to take the bullet.

THE BULLET from Van Pelt's gun exits the barrel, flies through the air and --

DEMATERIALIZES in mid-air, one foot fron Sarah's head. Sarah SCREAMS. Alan holds her tight.

Time seems to stop.
There is a RUSHING OF WIND, whipping round and round the walls of the living room.

ALAN and SARAH, IN CLOSE-UP, exchange looks as each knows the game is ending.

VAN PELT whirls around, terrified. His gun flies from his hand, vaporizing.

<u>It's as if we're in a tornado's center watching the walls of the tornado swirl around us</u>. Suddenly the wall explodes and everything from the world of Jumanji is within this swirling circle of wind --

-- the vines; the monkeys; the big mosquito; the rhinos and elephants; the crocodiles; the pelican; and finally Van Pelt --

And one by one, the Jumanji phenomena are compressed and sucked SHHHUUUMMMPPP!! into the center of the board, VAN PELT going last, his head stuck like a cork in a bottle. SHUMMMP!! he's sucked in and he WAAAIIILLLS back into the world of Jumanji.

Then all is still.

CAMERA is still tight on the gameboard, but PULLING BACK, it's no longer on the living room floor, but on a coffee table. CAMERA TILTS UP to the faces of --

ALAN PARRISH and SARAH WHITTLE, ages 12 and 13 again, clinging to each other in the living room, exactly as they were in 1969. Their mouths open. They blink.

THE PENDULUM of the GRANDFATHER CLOCK is swinging again and we HEAR the last two GONGS.

We HEAR the front door opening.
Alan and Sarah, startled, turn to see --

SAM PARRISH enters.

SAM PARRISH
Forgot my notes.

He continues into the dining room.
Sarah and Alan turn back to each other.
Sarah picks up Judy's token.

SARAH
(sadly)
Judy.

Alan picks up Peter's token.

ALAN
(same)
Peter.

Sam Parrish renters the foyer, his 3X5 cards in hand.

SAM PARRISH
Bye.

ALAN
Dad?

Alan gets up and walks into the foyer.
Father and son stare at each.

SAM PARRISH
(coldly)
What.

Alan runs to his father and hugs him.

And Sam Parrish, startled, almost overwhelmed by this, slowly returns the hug.

ALAN
I'm sorry about what I said. I'll go to camp if you want me to.

The break from the hug, regarding each other. Alan's tone has been uncharacteristically sincere. Sam is still surprised and somewhat skeptical.

SAM PARRISH
What's the catch?

ALAN
No catch. I just want to be a kid.

Alan smiles.
And Sam Parrish, startled by this exchange, smiles back.

SAM PARRISH
Well, I guess I'll...see you later.

He walks to the door.

ALAN
Dad?

Sam Parrish stops. Turns.

ALAN
Today in the factory? It wasn't Carl Bentley's fault. It was mine.

Sam Parrish stares at Alan, non-plussed.

SAM PARRISH
I'm glad you told me.

Sam Parrish shakes his head (he doesn't really understand what just happened) opens the door and exits.

Alan stands in silence in the foyer.
He looks at his 12 year-old body in the mirror.

Sarah appears next to him, also looking in the mirror.
She runs her hands over her chest.
Alan rubs his whiskerless jaw.

ALAN
It's like we never played.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRANTFORD - IRON BRIDGE - NIGHT

Alan and Sarah, riding double on Alan's bike, pedal up to the bridge. Sarah holds a PAPER GROCERY BAG. They stop in the middle.

Sarah holds open the bag; Alan reaches inside. He pulls out the JUMANJI BOX; it's clasped shut; two big ROCKS have been tied to it with twine.

Alan steps to the railing and heaves the box over. The JUMANJI BOX plunges into the turbulent river, landing with a SPLASH!!

Alan and Sarah watch the game submerge.

SARAH
I'm starting to forget what it's like to be a grown-up.

ALAN
Me too. That's okay, as long as we don't forget each other.

SARAH
Or Peter and Judy.

They look into each other's eyes.

SARAH
There's something I've been wanting to do....

And Sarah Whittle kisses Alan Parrish on the lips. They smile at each other. They walk to Alan's bike, holding hands.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. BRANTFORD - MAIN STREET - REESTABLISHING - DAY

Once again Brantford is picturesque, prosperous and active: it's an updated, 1995 version of the town we saw when 12 year-old Alan Parrish was riding his bike in 1969. SUPER:

Brantford, Connecticut - 1995

EXT. BRANTFORD RIVER - REESTABLISHING - DAY

The old mill house is gone. In its place is a corporate complex: sleek structures,

cutting edge architecture. A new, more modern sign announces: "PARRISH SHOES, FIVE GENERATIONS OF QUALITY."

CAMERA CLOSES IN on a window on the top floor.
INT. "PARRISH SHOES" - TOP FLOOR OFFICE SUITE

Very posh and urbane. Vast windows look out on Brantford River and the rolling hills beyond.

A MAN is behind his desk, looking out the window while speaking on the phone. We do not see him.

MAN
Charlie, I know he's just a basketball player, but he's going to sell a lot of shoes. Here, I'll put you on with my vice-president.

The swivels around. It is ALAN PARRISH, 37 now. His hair is neatly trimmed. His tie's tucked in, his shirtsleeves rolled. He hands the phone to --

CARL BENTLEY, 45, in suit and tie, the vice-president of Parrish shoes. Bentley smiles and takes the phone.

ALAN
See ya tomorrow, Carl.

BENTLEY
Have a good night, Alan.

Alan rises, puts on his suit jacket, and heads out.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARRISH HOUSE - DUSK

The house as we first saw it in 1969.
Grand and charming. Lights twinkle within.
A car comes down the street and pulls into the driveway.

INT. PARRISH HOUSE - KITCHEN

Alan, dressed casually, is on the phone.
In the background we see DISHES OF PREPARED FOOD.

ALAN
And the new wing turned out a lot better than we thought....

The front door bell RINGS.
The kitchen door opens.
SARAH pushes open the door. She enters the kitchen.
She is several months pregnant.

SARAH
Honey, they're here.

SARAH (cont'd)
(as she exits)
This is so exciting.

ALAN
Listen, dad, my new marketing director's in town and they've come for dinner.
(beat)
Great... Give mom my love.

Alan hangs up and smiles at Sarah. They exit into the hallway.

IN THE FOYER - together they go to the front door. They pause a second, then Alan opens the door.

A MAN stands in the threshold, mid 30's, smartly dressed, with intelligent eyes. He smiles broadly and extends his hand.

MAN
Good evening Alan!

ALAN
(shaking his hand)
Jim! Welcome aboard!

Sarah extends her hand.

SARAH
Hi Jim, Sarah Parrish.

MAN
My pleasure.
(looking over his shoulder)
Here's some people you haven't met.
Honey?

NORA SHEPHERD appears next to her husband. Then JUDY and PETER, just as we left them.

Alan and Sarah exchange a private smile.

SARAH
You must be Judy and Peter.

JUDY AND PETER
Hi.

ALAN
Come in, come in!

Alan ushers in Judy and Peter and their parents. They move into the living room, Nora and her children gazing around at the grand space.

NORA
Oh my goodness.

PETER
Wowww!

Alan goes to the sideboard, comes back with TWO SHOEBOXES. He hands one to Judy, one to Peter.

ALAN
Call this a "welcome to Parrish Shoes present." Go ahead, open them.

Judy and Peter excitedly take the shoe boxes from Alan.

SARAH turns to NORA.

NORA
The kids are so excited about moving here. The school's system's great I hear, especially for Judy.
(smiles, watching her daughter open the present; whispers to Sarah)
She's got a little dyslexia.

JUDY
Look, mom!

Judy and Peter hold up state-of-the-art SNEAKERS, very stylish.

JUDY
(reading the back of the sneakers)
Air...Ju...man...ji's!

ALAN and SARAH exchange another furtive look: (do they remember?) But Peter just shrugs and says:

PETER
That's a weird name for a sneaker.

Alan and Sarah exchange a private smile.

EXT. PARRISH HOME - NIGHT

CAMERA looks through the foyer windows as Alan and Sarah and the Shepherds move inside, their voices continuing:

ALAN (v.o.)
You're dad's going to find a way to market it, Peter. Did you know he's an advertising genius?

PETER (v.o.)
He's a better hiker!

Nora and Jim LAUGH.

NORA SHEPHERD (v.o.)
Peter's still angry we had to miss our vacation. We go every year. Jim loves to rock climb.

CAMERA moves back to the STREET, taking in the whole house.

ALAN (v.o.)
Not any more - he's too valuable to me now!

Everyone LAUGHS.

CAMERA CRANES up and pulls back, taking in all of Brantford. It is twilight and all is quiet, except for the sounds of CRICKETS, which grow louder and louder and louder....

FADE OUT. ROLL CREDITS.

FADE IN, as CREDITS continue to roll.

EXT. A ROCKY BEACH - DAY

A forlorn GIRL, 12, walks down the beach.

BOY (v.o.)
Adele! Adele! Ici, ici!

She turns. The she runs off toward --

A BOY, his trousers rolled up, standing in the surf.

The girl runs up. The boy holds something in his hands. He wipes SEAWEED off it. It's a BOX we've seen before.

ADELE
Quel est'il, Francois?

BOY
Regard. Jew. Mon. Gee!

They walk off excitedly together.
The foamy surf rolls in, splashing on the beach.
The ominous jungle theme music comes up.

CREDITS END.
FADE TO BLACK.

**THE END**